THE VOICE OF THE LORD

SRI RAAKNAHAIF

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INTRODUCTION

He whose mind has been purified and who, through meditation, becomes absorbed in the Atman, feels in his heart a joy greater than words can express.

Upanishad

The liberation of the 'Ego', of the physical body, of my wife Berenice, took place on 6 September 19$2, at one o'clock in the afternoon. Her transcendent 'self', beyond her human personality, managed to surpass itself, realising the golden dream of the Magi and Pro-

.

She loved and
forgave...1 Now, she
rests in peace.
For her spiritual values were many.

II

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW

The actions of the generous man are valued for his profound sacrifices. Where there is selflessness, love prevails, which gives rise to life and brings sweet peace.

Peace, in this selfish world, is the exclusive heritage of select souls. Its greatness lies in Love, as it is the most precious jewel of the human heart; for those who love have no apparent conflicts, and the ailing are healed of their neurotic breakdowns. To achieve this, one requires a strong will to overcome one's fears, doubts and hesitations; and thus, one will find the seed of the authoritative spirit, to subdue the *inner turmoil*
/.•riro. If they succeed, they will reach a higher level of evolution in their divine potential, enabling them to counteract the opposing forces we encounter at every moment in the intellectual, moral and religious spheres.

Pure Love teaches mastery and reveals the wholesome means, the psychological forces and the vital energies needed to heal the ills of body and soul, the root cause of which lies in the disturbed mind that saps the conscience; for, as it weakens, it loses its conscious faith, all its power and spiritual lucidity. The reservoir of dynamic energy is depleted; this is the critical moment which the *subjective unconscious* exploits to overpower the *objective consciousness*—already disturbed or annihilated—with the weight of its inferiority; consequently, all vital functions are disrupted by uncontrolled instinctive impulses. **This cannot**

occur in a nature endowed with higher principles, for it will never submissively yield to satisfying base, coarse instincts, nor immodest desires. Conscience, with its subtlety, asserts itself and prompts the 'ego' to reflect, showing it the disastrous consequences left in the wake of worldly pleasures, with their whole painful retinue of physical, psychological and moral ills. When the human conscience is sound, the body is vigorous enough to free itself from the *unconscious* prototype *of Frciid;* then it is easy to be cured of all ills. Whoever believes that they are redeemed from their sins is saved, whether they be Christian, Buddhist or Muslim.

Faith is a divine power which acts upon the vital essence—the simulative power of Heaven's 'grace' and its 'chemical complex', dC) that of being a weak 'autonomous complex', a wretched body possessed by demons, which disconnect the 'driving force' of the primordial One Spirit, whose resplendent light sparkles *'between both eyes'* of his face.

The Great, One, Universal, establishes a close union with his chosen Sons through that central point of life, a mysterious one. Yes, He shines resplendently in infinite space, and in the stars that twinkle with His white light—which has nothing above itself—He also has within us, in *the thirteenth,* His 'Secret Chamber', where He makes Himself visible to the devotee. This magical mystery of life and love can be understood by applying the natural laws within our reach, without overstepping all boundaries, nor arrogantly attempting to penetrate where one ought not to go in order to unveil the sacred mysteries. The great work consists of carrying out all that is good, without harming any living being, in order to reach, with omniscience, the Source of universal life-essence. To realise this is to avoid falling into the false paths of error, without the Light of the 'Great Transcendental One', which nourishes the universe with the 'lustral *breath'*—a fundamental element of Creation—and which man also needs *as* a primordial element of his life. Man harnesses it when he circulates the Light within the *'Spiritual Centre of Life';* and by preserving this legitimate power, one can
extend one's lifespan by many years, by employing the me—

All of this is practical, aimed at 'creating the immortal body' adopted by the alchemists: by subduing and transmuting customs in order to draw closer to the Great One, who encompasses within Himself all cosmic energies, the source of all creation. He manifests Himself in all visible forms, with His Life-Essence, everywhere. If men manage to penetrate with their scrutinising gaze to the very depths of things, they will see in the 'Celestial Heart', between ***'both*** worlds', how the 'Universal Principle' works. 'Divine' in all Creation, in its purest and simplest form. This simplicity of truth dwells in true space, but also resides as intense Light within the *innermost being* of pure men. The method consists of circulating the Light (fixing it in place) in order to perceive the luminous vibration of the true immortal essence. THE **PRIMORDIAL SPIRIT** of Creation is precisely One, which manifests as 'Life-Essence'; and when the Real is accepted within It, it is because the sage knows its great mystery, whose creative force animates all the vital dynamism of the universe. The Great Meaning is precisely that. This explains the origin of the Great Meaning, which governs the world so perfectly. The 'Celestial Heart' is the primordial root of the **'Great** Meaning'. Now, if the seer, trained in the method already explained, is capable of remaining entirely calm during meditation, then the 'Celestial Heart' will make itself present of its own accord, revealing the effects of many natural phenomena. For the work of the 'Circular Course of Light' rests upon the intrinsic or internal power of 'retrograde movement'; that is to say, on knowing how to apply the art of divine magic to concentrate deeply, with great steadfastness, upon each thought—which must be scrutinised 'through *both eyes*'—and ultimately achieve the desired result.

When the Light is allowed to flow in continuous circles, very positive experiences are achieved; for it succeeds in crystallising all the Forces of Heaven and Earth. This is what is called 'germinal thinking', through the purification of Force or the purification of the idea. If **one begins to** apply this magical procedure, one sees how, if within the human being there were 'something' that is not real—though,

over time, through persevering work, its effects come to an end. The light will appear as a spiritual fire which ignites the astral centres and those of the chest, for these burn with a flame. At that moment, the heart of man is under the sign of the resplendent fire, whose sacred flame is propelled upwards towards Heaven, and the result or fruit of sacred knowledge will be attained—that which the mysteries call the *'retrograde method'* of the spirit-fire. When this occurs, it is said: the Omniscient Feeling rests upon *the 'retrograde method'*, where the 'Flower of Light' of Heaven and Earth fills every space of all that exists with 'grace'; for its glorious rays pierce through Heaven and likewise cover the Earth and the other planets.

To realise, in the spiritual sense, is to set in motion the 'Flower 'seed of man', which is cultivated only in chaste soil. Chastity determines the full conquest of the crucible of creativity; the wisdom acquired through self-restraint, leads to the goal—that is, to develop the 'vision of the heart', 'inner sight', ecstasy, . it is all the same. When one fixes one's thought 'between the two eyes', the Light radiates within of its own accord; one need not direct it specifically to the 'central castle of Buddha', for the Light flows there of its own accord. The 'centre between the two eyes' is omniscient, for all that is most sacred is contained within it. At that central point, we find the relationship that exists between the cosmos and humankind, and which endures through the liberation of the soul and the entire process of creation, for that is the 'Gateway to the Threshold', or the 'Inner-Divine World'. The human body is a small universe, a most precious treasure, when the 'primordial spirit' dwells within it. We must therefore care for it and prevent it from becoming exhausted and dying prematurely. For the primordial spirit is rooted in the 'space between the eyebrows' and is enriched by 'the seed of the life-essence'. This vital seed, when concentrated by purity, is transmuted into force; and if this energy becomes superabundant, it creates the 'creative, luminous' body of the angels, as if it were the hilt of the Pole Star. Man, centred upon this divine centre, must govern every intention, correctly

emotional, in his future development, so that the Light of his essence may be firm and enduring; and the Holy Fruit may not be squandered. The duration of the Holy Fruit is the effect of a great cycle of the heavens, for the benefit of his *Monad,* free and individual. The supreme step lies even far beyond this; one must continue, purifying oneself, through numerous rosy *'astral bodies'* and , 'rauiñe in order to merge with the 'Cosmic Beloved', who exists eternally beyond the unreal and illusory. The cosmic illusion is deceptive, much like the physical world, which operates under the fundamental law of 'maya', or the principle of relativity and duality of vibrating matter.

The Law of Motion, formulated by the brilliant Englishman Isaac Newton (1642–1727), born in the year of the death of the Italian Galileo (1560–1602), the most notable scientific figure of his time, is a law of 'maya'. Every action always has an equal and opposite reaction. When a force acts, there is always another which reacts in the opposite direction. No single existing force can ever act without there being another opposing force affecting it. For example: electricity is a phenomenon of repulsion and attraction; its electrons and protons are electrical opposites. Within an atom, the action of a magnet, with its negative and positive poles, can be observed. The whole of Creation is based on this same law of duality, for there is no physical, chemical or any other law of physical or metaphysical science that is free from the opposing principles of its apparent duality, which researchers seek to understand in their true essence. To this end, one must not cling to fantasy; for the essential cosmic law demonstrates, through its polarity, the duality of its physical phenomena: heat and cold, ebb and flow, rise and fall, day and night, birth and death, etc. He who seeks the Truth must go beyond Maya and delve into the secret of creation, under the law of the triad: positive, negative and neutral. He who strips the universe bare is the sole possessor of the spiritual treasure. But he who remains in dualistic illusion will always see in the world the two sides of things, the suggestive dual face of Maya, and will never be able to know the real existence of God.

Continuous meditation enables one to perceive the cosmic essence as Light, which is no different from the luminous rays that make up water or the various rays that form the earth. He who is free from material bonds will be liberated from the three dimensions of space and the fourth dimension of time; and will be able to transport his luminous body with equal ease through earth, water, fire or air, using his subtle body to journey to other marvellous worlds. For the liberated, there are no longer any obstacles preventing them from entering the universe—essentially alive, dazzling—whose white Light is animated by the Cosmic Consciousness, pulsating with joy, in the splendour of its glory and majesty. He who beholds such greatness knows how to forgive.

Forgiveness is sacred, for it is through forgiveness that the universe is sustained. Forgiveness is the power of the mighty; forgiveness is sacrifice, and where there is sacrifice, love reigns; forgiveness is mental tranquillity. forgiveness and kindness —says the Mahabharata— are the of one who possesses, within himself, that sublime inner joy. This represents the 'eternal virtue'. The perfect state is attained only when mind, body and speech are in harmony with forgiveness. To understand what this means, , one need not have problems; if there are any, they must be addressed using the law of love, which is a science far greater than any other modern science. Whilst a scientist performs wonders through the myriad applications of the laws of nature, one who knows how to apply the laws of love and forgiveness with mathematical precision will be able to perform marvels for the benefit of a controlled and just humanity.

The just person is a harmonious microcosm, not separated from the great cosmos by solid barriers. The same laws govern both; and starting from one state, access to the other is revealed. The psyche and the cosmos behave like the inner world and the outer world, in close connection, where man, by nature, participates in every cosmic event, for both are united, both internally and externally. Just as the stars move in the orbits of the heavens, so

Man has his celestial path, along which he must journey: the correct 'Path' from which, according to Laozi, arise the principles of reality, of light, or polar shadow; and which, in the circle of European scientists, with reference to sexuality, establishes a close relationship with natural phenomena.

Man's inner self originates from Heaven, through his extraordinary adaptability; and from his manifested phenomenon, the human being unfolds into a multiplicity of individuals generated by him; and within each of these lies the central *One*, as the principle of life. He who seeks that eternal life, manifested in every person, must turn to the sacred place where essence and life originally arise, between 'both eyes'. If the liberating 'eye' realises how to grasp the ego, or 'animus', which by day dwells in 'both eyes' and by night withdraws into the liver, where it dreams, it will overcome the polar opposites of *light* and *darkness*. Then, it will not be long before it passes through the three worlds: the physical, the psychic and the spiritual, where it will find, respectively, the traces of its footsteps of the 'primordial spirit', its true essence, having overcome time and space, its true eternal abode.

The primordial spirit (animus) is found 'between the *two* eyes'; but not so the conscious spirit (anima), which is rooted below, in the heart of the chest (in the seed-atom of the left ventricle), the *solar* plexus. It is shaped like a large peach; it is covered by the wings of the lungs, supported by the liver and nourished by the entrails. The conscious spirit is highly sensitive to the outside world and is startled by the slightest thing. A loud noise startles it, and the heart races; if it hears something upsetting, it is paralysed by fear, becomes agitated or irritated. If it goes without food for a day, it feels weak and extremely uncomfortable; if it feels unwell, it becomes frightened, and in the face of death, it trembles in despair; if it sees something beautiful, it is dazzled.

However, the 'Celestial Heart' (between the eyebrows) is unchanging. There, the Light has fortified itself as if it were a spiritual body, whose vital force has managed to transcend the limits of

and intense emotional sensations, so that the *'antmus'* may reign in its castle, where it will command like a mighty sovereign. His watchful eyes, like two ministers standing by, on the right and on the left, will keep vigil to reveal the divine vision when it appears. Then, the orders transmitted from the centre of his empire will summon all the rebellious heroes, with their spears turned upside down, to place themselves unconditionally *as* faithful vassals in the service of their King.

In this way, the active essence of the Son will unite with the Father within the cosmic current, pouring his life and blood into his Work, into the pure Universal Light.

The Master says:

"Until man develops the true essence of the primordial spirit, his life will be like that of an insect, which lives for a single day and cannot escape the circular course of Heaven and Earth, nor the destiny of the 'aeons', which will cause him to be reborn thousands of times. Only as a 'primordial spirit' will he receive the immortal essence that will enable him to regulate natural processes, to form his body, his consciousness and his wisdom, which will allow him to adapt to the Light. The 'Lord' dwells in the 'Celestial Heart' and loves repose; but the 'conscious spirit' is all movement, and its instinctive impulses bind it to desires. In this way, day and night, the *generative fire* consumes it until the vital force of the primordial spirit is completely exhausted. Then, the 'ego' will be expelled, and will be forced to leave the shell of its physical body prematurely.

The force of the primordial spirit, which has practised goodness during its earthly life, is pure and clear; when death comes, it departs through the upper orifices, the mouth and nose. Its ethereal subtlety is as light as air; it rises and floats in the heavens, and becomes the present fivefold shadow-genius, or shadow-spirit, filled with bliss and peace. But if the primordial spirit (animus) has been used by the conscious spirit (anima) to commit acts of greed, madness or lustful pleasures,

then, at the moment of death, the primordial spirit is clouded and confused; and the conscious spirit departs, together with the air, through the gateway of the womb, via the lower orifices, to be drawn by magnetic attraction to the 'earthly strata'.

Anyone who wishes to protect their 'primordial spirit'
primordial spirit' from astral dangers must subject it to the strict discipline of the discerning will; and through the 'circular course of the Light' (Kriya Yoga), he will cause it to forget its body and its emotional heart. This centre of sensations must die so that the primordial spirit may live to the vibrant rhythm of harmonious breathing, which begins, in a marvellous way, to rotate. Then comes the best of all: 'astral projection' into the vastness of space. This is 'the *method of concentrated work',* which will nurture the holy embryo, which requires to be warmed and nourished through 'the *method of letting go',* much in vogue amongst those disciples; highly developed over millennia by the Christ-Yogi BABAJI, leading them from darkness into light.

III

LIGHT AND SHADOW

The Logos, which manifests so many glorious splendours in creation, has its origin in its Triad which, with its Supreme Intelligence, Infinite Mind and Universal Spirit, bathes and illuminates the Universe with its divine splendours.

It is a daring undertaking to write on these pages of the great things potentially revealed by its very 'life-essence', which emanates and reflects everywhere its laws, its pure virtues, its inherent, natural beauties, and its outstanding magical charms, which
in its beautiful landscapes and astonishing phenomena, its
of 'lights and shadows', shifting through space, where they intertwine

the divine and ‘Sublime Beings’, who constitute the ‘Celestial Archetypes’.

Even more daring is the act of formulating any human concept concerning the ethereal gods and the sovereign men who carry out fruitful labours in other inhabited worlds, where they love and revere ‘That’, which is neither Spirit nor Matter, but both at once.

To possess that ‘master key’ is to have everything… the final word of human knowledge, to elucidate the mysteries that reveal how ‘energies’ work, where atomic nuclear forces act from the inside out, bringing about dualistic realities that science must address and respect. He who fails to comply with the dictates of divine law ends up in the receptacle of matter, where ideals crystallise and fade away—the most cherished vital principles of the universe.

The divine principles endure as the distinct garments of the ‘archetypes’ that shape the ‘Living Lights’, separated from the ‘transient Shadows’ of all illusion.

The ‘living lights’, scattered throughout the chaotic night of time, were the ‘Sparks of Fire’ that ignited the *‘darkened’* space which had impeded the presence of the luminous ray. That is to say, space is dark. In a vacuum, invisible rays of light pass through; but they do not burst forth. If they encounter an atmosphere, everything changes; then physical light becomes visible as it collides with air particles, producing a special sparkle, the visible effect of which is the brightness of the sky during the day.

In a vacuum, the light blue of the sky gives way to the darkness of night, where important details can be observed, such as extremely fine luminous fragments of planetary particles, etc.

In the lower layers, as the atmosphere is denser and contains dust, it takes on a reddish hue. When the sky is blue, this is due to the brilliant shimmer of the countless tiny particles contained in the air, particularly in twilight, produced by the collision of the sun’s rays with coarser particles of dust or liquid water,

water, colouring the sky red, green, yellow, blue, etc., due to the tiny floating particles, subject to the law of gravitation, which acts as a binding force of the universe; uniting all bodies and all celestial bodies, outside the . Without that force of gravity, the centrifugal action of the worlds would overcome everything, causing rhythm and harmony to vanish from the entire order of things, and the universal equilibrium of celestial bodies, which would be completely isolated in space.

The star closest to the Sun is Alpha Centauri, which can be seen from Earth next to the Southern Cross, as it is ą light-years away from our planet. A light-year consists of 3 6d days, during during which the Sun's light has travelled a distance of 3 0.ooo kilometres per second, over four long years, through a vast desert where the temperature is 30° below zero.

Sunlight shines brightly in the atmospheres of the nine planets in the Solar System, as well as on more than a thousand other planets that orbit the Sun. Pluto, the most distant planetary 'moth', receives sunlight for $ hours; and it takes zą2 years to orbit the Sun. The closest inhabited is Mercury, and the light reaches it in 3 minutes; its temperature is to that of Venus, and four times higher than that of Earth.

The Earth is shaped like a smooth sphere, flattened at its poles, which are covered in ice, like Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune and others. Furthermore, it floats freely in space, with a single satellite, which is 380,000 kilometres away. It is illuminated by the Sun, whose rays strike it partly at an oblique angle, casting long shadows even on the smallest elevations of the terrain and on the black rocks, which have large hollows and appear somewhat amorphous with rough contours. The Moon reflects no more than 2 per cent of the light, whereas the Earth reflects six times that amount.

A lunar day lasts fourteen Earth days; the temperature rises to 5 °C, whilst at night—which is as long as the day—the temperature drops to below 1½ °C. The contrasts between light and shadows in those desolate landscapes are striking; its volume is four times smaller than that of the Earth, enabling it to attract, with

a force of 19trillion kilograms; but the satellite also attracts other, more fleeting metallic bodies that pass through its
surface, up to a height of 36,000 kilometres. Its near side is the same, but its far side, the ‘Cone of Shadow’, is the abyss of wicked souls… These are the souls who, in their previous lives, declared: ‘God does not exist!’

They denied their wretched existence!

They denied the boundless expanse of the heavens; life in the waters, the air, the earth and fire; they denied the possibility of living and dying in the light, rather than in darkness; they denied the Primordial Life, which spread from the waters to the birds, to the land animals, and the divine oversight over mankind and all that God created. They denied the existence of the dryads; they did not believe that in the forests, in every tree, in every leaf, in every ring of their solid trunks, there is a creative spirit—magnificent, marvellous, in constant motion, in constant transformation, bearing perpetual witness to the marvellous workings of all-powerful Wisdom, which leads those who study it from wonder to wonder, until they find themselves enveloped and lost in the immensity of the marvellous worlds that surround every creature, from the cradle to the grave. They denied Creation; the fruitful work of nature; on earth, the coal pits, the gnomes and the genies of those vanished regions; the transformation of metals over the course of the ages; the growth of plants which, despite living hundreds of fathoms underground and in the gloomiest darkness, still retain the sensation that the sun exists in the firmament, and derive from its influence a subtle part of life; the history of the vast forests and the great tracts of land that have been swept to the bottom of the sea by the very same process that is currently at work in the great rivers; the great cities glistening at the bottom of tranquil seas and in the depths of lakes; entire coastlines of coral reefs built by the activity of minute animals, which show us how the limestone cliffs and Cretaceous rocks of our own coasts have been formed from the dust of myriads of

generations of living, infinitesimal beings, which exist as they did in times past; that science has demonstrated that, by tearing apart and breaking down the very rocks formed by nature, it recreates them at will; that within every atom of nature, each bears its own work inscribed upon it, and as a building block, only a divine, enchanted hand can manipulate it, and they sing aloud that they are rich treasures, contained within the great book of stone, in which is written the history of our planet, right back to those times when darkness reigned, which the eyes of man could not behold in their lifetime; that the glorious names of Leverrier and Adams, from the turret of a castle, studying the firmament—which they never observed in their lifetimes—might lead to the discovery of Neptune; that a ray of light takes six years to reach Earth from the nearest of the fixed stars. Finally, they denied that at the pinnacle of knowledge there exists God… Whoever says 'God' refers to the single centre of all universes.

The necessary condition for the purified soul is to reach the central point from which the directions of all planes of existence radiate. This centre lies within us. The core of the soul is the centre of the universe. That is where one must turn in order to hear Him. He quietly tells us:

'I am the thread that runs through all souls, each of which must glorify itself so that it may be related to—

"I adorn my Throne with my beautiful pearls…".

MASTERY OF FIRE –

Lanza del Vasto, on his journey through the East, witnessed the Christmas celebrations in India... BARADINA: The Great Day. In his book *Pilgrimage to the Source*, he writes:

"By nightfall we had gathered in a high meadow, opposite a small shrine to Shiva, where some ten crossed logs were burning, whilst men came from all the paths carrying more logs. When the fire had become a mountain upon a mountain and the sparks and smoke obscured the stars, the orchestra—comprising only a drum and four kettledrums—began to play.

"The drummer stood tall, as imposing as a black god—or perhaps it was the flickering light of the fire—his head haloed by a pink turban, the butt of his deep-sounding instrument an elbow's length from the ground, with whiskers like swords sprouting from either side of his mouth. He brandished a pair of drumsticks, twirling them round and round, then struck the drum with redoubled blows, whilst the four crouching timpanists, playing now with their palms, now with their fingertips, prolonged their thunder like an echo in a lakeside grotto or scattered it in a flight of owls and bats.

"At regular intervals, the turbaned musician raised his drumsticks, opened his mouth like a cavern, uttered an imperious summons directed towards the *Higher* and *Underworld Powers;* then he unleashed the roar of his entire drum kit and resumed the call, always identical.

"All around me were the Brahmins; further away, on either side of the fire, dressed in brown woollen or grey cotton garments, the outcasts huddled in tight rows. Above our heads, in the folds and clearings of the foliage that the growing fire was revealing, the flash of a blue veil, the rustling of an ash-grey cloth, a stifled whisper, a movement like that of deer fleeing through the forest, all revealed the presence of women in the spectacle.

"But suddenly a cry gripped my heart, and I saw, above the huddled outcasts, two knees straightening and clashing together. I thought it was an accident, but it was the festival beginning.

”The man who had shouted was as though hurled over the heads of his neighbours and fell, rolling at my feet. His knees were bent, his arms pressed against his body, his palms turned outwards, twisted like one of the branches on the pyre, shaken by violent tremors. Another thunderous beat from the drum, and he leapt into the fire. .

”Three men rushed to pull him away and set him upright. He remained like that, his eyes and teeth white. Then, with his legs apart and stiff as a trestle, he moved to the right, then to the left, sometimes throwing his arms into the air, touching the back of his head with both hands, where a small tuft of hair fluttered.”

“Another, leaning forwards and chattering his teeth, shaking his shoulders and elbows, soon fell into the same abyss. They threw their arms round each other’s necks and leapt together, whilst the bottoms of their trousers, hanging loose and torn, swayed erratically.

”Meanwhile, others, kneeling before the fire, grasped the embers and rubbed them over their faces. Those who retained their wits rushed to the aid of the fools who were throwing themselves into the flames or off the precipice; but sometimes the one who thought he was saving another was himself saved, and saviour and saved returned to *the fire* in each other’s arms. The drum continued to draw others in, urging them towards the circle and the bonfire.

“The man in the turban moved freely amongst the frenzied crowd. Amidst those people driven mad by delirium, he alone danced. In full command of himself, master of the fire, beautiful as Shiva, he danced a sort of Tandava over the ruined crowd and over that blaze that seemed like the end of the world.

“He made the cymbals gallop across the drumhead, advanced on tiptoe, bent his right knee, spun on his left heel, dragged the drum in a circle across the grass, charged back, head thrown back and mouth agape, and attacked with a fresh roll of the drum anyone who dared to resist him.

"He was a great seducer. He possessed a precise understanding of the tremors he stirred up. If he paused, prancing before a man who, with his head between his knees and his legs clasped together, seemed to be sleeping, it was because—and only he knew—what such a sleep concealed. Indeed, the man would immediately raise a face already ravaged by sacred horror. Then, lashing him with his drumbeats, the seducer hurled him into the divine tempest.

"One after another, the possessed fell, stiff and as if dead. With the utmost indifference, their companions dragged them away by the feet and poured a bucket of water over their heads.

"When they had all fallen, the seducer changed his tactics. "He spotted a group of outcasts who, standing further away from the pyre, had until then feigned indifference, chatting and laughing amongst themselves.

"He lined them up. Each one wrapped his arms around the body of the one in front of him. Thus a long, supple chain of dangling rags was formed which, no sooner had the drum resumed than it became a serpent and undulated. At first they sang a lament, a drawn-out song whose tempo gradually increased and which went:

"Lord, all the fruits belong to you, for this world is your garden.

"At the end of each verse they hopped with one foot and then the other.

"But they did not have long to sway in this way. They had not finished their procession round the fire when a final roll of the drum, followed by the brief command to disperse, plunged them simultaneously into a frenzy: they raved, howled, gesticulated, jostled one another, rolled in the fire embracing the logs, and ended up falling here and there, like moths around lamps.

"Merry Christmas. And so the festival came to an end.

"The mountain folk come from far and wide to take part in this sort of celebration.

"They are sober celebrations. No alcohol is served. The drunkenness comes from on high and reaches further. Chunks of

lumps of raw sugar are broken up and the pieces are handed out. That is all.

”Those who take part in the dance find out about it the next day from their friends. They themselves retain not the slightest memory of it. Those who have thrown themselves into the fire have not a single burn on their bodies.

“At a certain moment, the man in the ‘turban’ had turned towards us. Indeed, not far from me, a young Brahmin was showing signs of agitation, but his companions held him back by the shoulders; and whilst the unfortunate man writhed like a fish out of water, the Brahmins burst out with threats against the master of the fire. The latter, with composure and dignity, deemed it appropriate to turn away, leaving his victim to struggle in the clutches of convention. '

“I learnt to my astonishment that the turbaned charmer, the life and soul of the party, clothed in the glory of Shiva, was a Chandal, the lowest of mortals, untouchable even to the untouchables themselves.”

HE CROSSED THE THRESHOLD

It has now been four years since I became a widower. Time has not erased the fond memories of my beloved wife, Berenice. I shall be brief in recounting her eternal life beyond the grave, as a comfort to many who are tormented here on earth.

My Master, after her passing, said to me:

—“Do not leave her alone. She needs your help.”

Obeying this command, I kept vigil all night long by her.

I witnessed the moving detachments of the ethereal vehicles from the cndávcr.

Afterwards, her ‘conscious spirit’ sought refuge by my side. I helped her to emerge unscathed at the moment when the ‘magnetic attraction’ snatched her from my right side. I caught her in mid-air with my left hand, whilst with my right I cut off the ‘earth’s gravitational current’. She clung firmly to my hand with both of hers; she put up a good fight for a few seconds. Then she collapsed onto my left side, where she fell into a deep sleep. I watched over her peaceful slumber for a few hours.

The next day, very early in the morning, I found her sleeping amongst the clouds. She woke up and said:

‘I feel weak. Give me strength.’

‘God will comfort you,’ I replied, gently taking her in my arms. She rested her head on my chest and fell asleep. I left her resting on her white, ethereal bed; and returned to my own body.

Encounter II.

I found her on the same ethereal bed. But as I went to fetch her, ‘a black Guardian’ stopped me. I said to my Bere:

‘Let’s go somewhere safe, my dear.’

She let herself be led like a child. Then another ‘white Guardian’ stepped in my way.

‘Hey!’ I said in a thunderous voice. And the guardian of that fine dwelling stepped aside and cleared the way for us. Jesus said:

‘*In my Father’s Kingdom, there are many mansions.’*

The ‘cosmic dwellings’ are infinite in the universe; all of them,

are guarded by gigantic guardians—black, white and luminous.

The ‘infernal abodes’ and their watchers are the very ‘Subterranean Powers’; the mediocre ones are ‘astral’, of various categories, and the most beautiful of all, with all their magical splendours and wonders, are the most radiant in the Cosmos.

‘All souls, temporarily clothed in new “astral” and “causal” bodies, are pure souls and are not reborn on the planets; these are the souls known as “liberated”.’

Encounter III.

When I returned there on the third day, everything was just as it had been. She was still sleeping peacefully in her white bed, as if it were made of ethereal flowers. And so she lay there, resting gently, unaware, for seven weeks.

Encounter IV.

Now I have reached a very high point, between the atmospheres of Venus and Earth. There, a white guardian—large, tall, with very slender arms and extremely long legs—blocks my path, asking me kindly and with a smile:

—“Why do you wish to pass?”

‘I’m on a sacred mission…!’ I replied.

He immediately stepped aside, clearing the way for me.

I continued on with my ‘anima’, walking along the radiant path that led me to where my lady stood waiting for me, smiling and rejuvenated by the elixir of life created by the wise alchemists, which grants eternal youth.

She came up to me and embraced me, saying tenderly:

—“Picho, my dear!” (her familiar way of addressing me) I kissed her passionately and asked:

—**“Are you feeling** better?” She, with tears in her eyes, replied:

—“Without you, I’m not better.”

—“Calm down, for now,” I said. Time
heals all.

I touched her. Her body felt limp and cold. The folds of her flowing gown fell over her bare feet. I hadn’t realised how rapidly she had changed—a transformation that, in most people, usually takes place after thirty years. She understood my emotions; and to dispel my thoughts, she bowed her head humbly, kissed me tenderly, and said:

—“Farewell, my dear.”

Encounter V.

Many days have passed since my Bere found complete peace; her spirit, her ‘animus’, has undergone a long process of renewal. But one day, when she was more lucid than usual, she said to me:

—“Tell Don Abi aham to come and see me.”

I fulfilled her wish, taking her to the Rodríguez couple, who, happily, saw her for the last time.

Encounter VI.

Several months have passed.

As soon as she saw me, she came out happily to meet me. She was more alert. Embracing me, she said:

—“Look!”

“I can walk on my own now.”

She moved her legs, full of joy and satisfaction.

—“Well then,” I said, “we can go for a long walk through this vast expanse.” Smiling, she said:

—“Not yet.” Then she added:

“You have authority here. I
don’t.”

“You can do as you see fit.”

‘You’ll have it too later on,’ I replied. I kissed her
on the right cheek.

Then, cheerfully, we went our separate ways.

Encounter VII.

This time, I found her with tears in her eyes.

—‘What’s the matter, my love?

—“I’m crying,” said Pich , because I miss you so much; I feel lonely in this vast emptiness.

“But are you sad too?” “Don’t cry for me.”

“Your sorrows reach the very depths of my soul.

“Otherwise, I’m fine.”

—Come on, let’s go for a walk, my dear. Let’s drown our sorrows. We set off in a hurry.

We arrived at a sandy region, where a cluster of palm trees indicated the presence of a small oasis, with a few poor and wretched dwellings, sheltering very gaunt figures, tanned by the sun. Then my scrutinising gaze fell upon a group of mountains; some were as bright as gold; others were the colour of silver, copper and iron. I thought: a world without illusions.

My hair, propelled by an unseen force, began to flutter like a white butterfly around my head. It kissed the back of my right hand and vanished before my eyes, like a cool, caressing breath.

Encounter VIII.

On this occasion, I see her in full sunlight, reclining in the luminous space.

Upon seeing me, she stands up and approaches, looking pleased.

With her right index finger, she shows me many points of light, which are moving very rapidly around her diaphanous body. She persists, pointing in different directions, saying to me:

—“Look, my son.” “I’m looking,” I reply:

—“I can’t see anything but fleeting lights.”

—‘Look closely; take a good look,’ she insists.

—“I can see very little, almost nothing.”
The veil of the flesh hides many things from me.
She continued to point at the restless lights swirling around her

After a violent effort on my part, the veil over my eyes slipped away, and I was able to see, in wonder, the most beautiful forms, smiling and joyful; radiant as angels, of upright human form which, driven by an unknown force, moved lovingly, making every effort and sacrifice to realise divine ideas and thoughts that, like sparkling waves, embraced the region, only to be distributed as energies to other inhabited worlds in space. Then, languidly, with her eyes, she spoke thus:

—“I am showing you these wonders of God so that you may see them with your own eyes!

“For I know they must be made public.”

“The Father’s plan must be fulfilled.

“Humanity will benefit from your extraordinary experiences. People need them.”

“I shall help you as best I can to bring this to light in such a morally impoverished environment.”

“For, blinded by violence, they have brought about something terrible that is looming in five parts of Europe. (See *La Nación*, February, issue 3).

Encounter IX.

My Bere, beautiful as a Murillo virgin, is in the atmosphere of Venus.

I try to pass through the planet’s protective ‘Current’. Two ‘guardians’ stop me. I shout at them:

‘Let me through!’

They pay no heed. ”.

One of them grabs me violently by the waist; I knock him down with a slap to the head. The other does the same; and with another blow

just like that, I hurl him into the abyss.

She must have witnessed the fight; for, as she approached me, she said:

—“You’re brave.”

“But don’t strain yourself so much.

“Many surprises await you.”

“Physical and moral well-being.”

‘I’m praying to the Father for you.’

‘Let’s go, taking our time.’

—Because the Sun draws you in because of your virtues — my dear.

—“I won’t go any further,” she murmured. “I’ll wait for you in these realms.”

“Already, the veil of unconsciousness is lifting.

“I’m beginning to see the past.”

“I am overwhelmed when I look back.”

“Don’t get married.”

“Marriage eclipses consciousness.”

“The lustful do not reach these realms.” “I shall work towards my liberation,” he said.

“I’ll help you,” she sighed. I felt her warm breath on my face. She smiled at me, saying:

“Goodbye.”

Encounter X.

The years pass; yet, during the time we have seen each other, we have met .

Upon seeing me, overjoyed, she exclaims: ‘

—“I’m a different person, my little boy.”

“My inner nature is changing.”

“If you’re finding it hard to climb up, I’ll come down.”

“She gave me three affectionate pats on the head; a familiar habit of hers.

› “For me, it’s easier to go down than to go up.”

“I feel myself going down and I feel myself going up.”

—‘What planet is this that my eyes behold?’ I asked.
—“I can only tell you under oath, my dear.” “But that puts you in danger.”
“Oaths and promises must be kept.” “Those who break their oaths fall into hell,” she said:
—I know what planet this is.
—“Then come and find me,” he exclaimed.
—Tell me: (Don’t you feel the cold in such a sheer gown, Bere? Doesn’t the cosmic dust numb you?
—“I’m already used to the cold,” she replied.
“I can control the cold, the heat, even the cosmic currents themselves.” “You’ll see me when I come down to visit you on Earth.
—‘What do you do?’ — my love.
—“I heal the sick.
“I’m with four other people.”
“There are many disabled people who come from Earth.”
—‘And in your spare moments?’ —
‘Sweetheart?’ “I’ll come down to see you, my darling.”
Immediately, she fixed her gaze on the space between her eyebrows; and I saw her, like a white dove, vanish into the heights.

Encounter XI.

I made the Alrrat sign; and I uttered: “lachem”.
She appeared instantly and said to me:
—“I was very far away; but I heard your call.
“When you’re properly in tune with me, I can clearly hear your YOZ.
“By steadying your thoughts, it is easy for us to communicate via the etheric waves that rise and fall.
“The thoughts of yours that reach me are radiant.”
“Only the very faint ones you send me fade away quickly.” He wrapped his right arm around my waist, whilst I held her close to my body with my left arm; thus, lovingly united, we travelled through the immeasurable space, full of

happy beings, just like us. As we soared through the atmosphere in different directions, I said to her:

'I live like a hermit on earth. I am a recluse,
thinking only of you.'
—"And I, I spend my days waiting for
you, Carlos. You have me in a state of
utter abandonment."
'I understand,' my love.
'Karma' separates us.
Here, one breathes an ineffable joy.
Down below, everything is gloomy.
Here, you have sublime tasks.
And I, down below, face disappointments and tedious tasks.
Then we parted, as always, promising to see soon.

Twelfth Encounter.

The Master handed me a gleaming golden key, saying:
'Here . . .!'
—'What is this for, my Master?
"My son*!*
"What I am giving you is merely a symbol of power."
—(A key? What's it
for?
—"For all the good you wish to do."
So I said:
—What a lovely little key!
Take me to my Bere!

Suddenly, I found myself standing before her; seeing me arrive so abruptly, she shuddered with fright.

—'I have received,' I told her, 'a mysterious key of great power, which "gives Light". Do you understand?

Light, or Primordial Fire, is the Father.

His Idea or Thought is a link that we use in certain secret or specific cases, such as reaching

to your side.

I used this link — this idea or key — which has spun like a whirlwind of Force, and has brought me here instantly.

—"Is this how you come now?"

—'Yes, my dear.'

—When I have no other way of doing it.

—"You're right.

"Only those who do not stain their 'leather garments' with the impurity of sin reach this place.

—'Are you happy?'

—"I am happy."

"I breathe in, through your presence, the infinite joy that God bestows only upon pure souls."

"This Paradise is worth more than all the crowns of the Earth."

—That's why you're here,
Bere. You know how to love
and forgive.

Then she placed her right index finger to her lips, signalling for silence.

I looked around me.

I realised that we were in a sacred mansion. Silently, I slipped out, leaving her in an
state of mystical adoration.

Encounter XIII.

She came up to me with urgent eagerness, asking me:

—"What more can I do? "I
want to learn more. "Work.
"When I married you, I was a woman of the world. "But,
after eight years by your side, I came to understand you.
"Now, you have made me a "Daughter of the Light". "Give
me more knowledge.

—“You have said it yourself.
“Enlightened Daughter”.
By divine ‘Principles’, you are freed from rebirths on Earth.
“Daughters of Light” are the Father’s favourites.
Your noble tasks will change at the end of each day.
The fullness of greatness is granted by God alone.
The future is yours.
You will always be by my side, my little daughter.
—“Poor thing!
“You have much to suffer.
“But you will triumph with lofty aspirations.
—Our destinies, my beloved, are bound together. We
share the same goal of fulfilment.
A sacred mission to fulfil.
Our paths are laid out by Heaven. We parted happily straight
away.

Encounter XIII.

This time, I sleep peacefully.
From far away, I hear the voice of my Bere, who enthusiastically
You, says to me:
—“Carlos!
‘(Can you hear me?
“I’m calling you from far away over the airwaves.
“Wait for me 1
I’ll be right down.
—I got ready to welcome her. She was
soon by my side.
She took me by the waist, and in a melodious voice, she said:
—I Come on!
Entwined with her, I *found* myself floating through
space. It seemed more like a dream than reality.

To dispel any doubt, I took her left hand

.

And with her free hand, I tapped my forehead three times.

Only then was I convinced.

She understood my doubt.

She leaned closer to my ear and blew hard. I

shuddered from head to toe.

—'Where are you taking me, my soul?

"To show you the 'Great Current', which leads the blessed to Heaven." —I asked:

—'The very "Luminous River" that leads the Angels from the first solar circle to the tenth, the abode of the Cosmic Christ?'

She nodded in affirmation. She added:

—"It is a mighty torrent of pure light.

"Light, 'potentially' irresistible to many.

"There are wide stretches; there are also narrow ones and sparkling points that cannot be crossed.

"We shall come to know, as far as we can go, the Path to Heaven!

—You're irresistible, my dear…!

I look at you; and you strike me as a divine helmswoman, steering the boat of the gods as they visit the heavens.

—"You'll see and feel the divine 'Mysteries' for yourself,"
—she replied with a smile.

So we continued, side by side, gliding over the luminous torrent at breakneck speed.

As we ascended, the path grew narrower and narrower. Then we reached a point so narrow that I felt myself violently hurled into space, whilst she continued onward, like a goddess, enveloped in a halo of light, amidst the very radiance of the sacred 'Great Ascending Current' of the high initiates. ' - *""

Encounter XIV.

Year ig§6 promises me great surprises. My
Bere, radiant before me, asks me:
—“Are you a priest?
—“Why?”
—“Because you have the ‘Sacred Fire’ blazing in your hands.”
“It is a unique privilege you have received from the
Father. ”The Divine Mother showers you with favours.
“All your indiscretions have been forgiven. “God
loves men of strong will.
*’Not “the lukewarm ones”.
—It is true that worldly men turn away from God,
my daughter.
They do not know what divine love means.
With their evils, they destroy themselves.—
“My dear, they have told me here:
—“That we are going to live together in Heaven”.
—What’s so strange about that?
We shall live happily in a world of infinite realities, my dear.
—“What bliss!”
“I love you so much...!
“I won’t feel lonely any more.
“You, before long, will emerge unscathed from the dark passage of this earthly hell, where men are still (by nature) like the gods”. . .

Encounter XV.

On the morning of 16 January 1956, I went up to the home of my beloved’s home, where joy reigns supreme.

Everyone was singing joyfully:

"Hosanna in the highest!
'Hosanna in the highest!
'Why all this rejoicing?' I asked the jubilant crowd.
They replied:
"The Father has taken Bere up to Heaven." So I
joined the chorus of voices and sang: "Hosanna
in the highest!"
Because my Bere is happy in Heaven!

Suddenly, a clearing opened up above, in space, and it sparkled with lights of diamonds, rubies, turquoises, emeralds and topazes.

Then, the diamond-like figure of my beloved appeared, and—smiling blissfully, she said to me:

—"My little son,
'Receive my love.'
'Goodbye.'"

MY SIXTH ENCOUNTER WITH BABAJI

"My first encounter with Babaji took place when I was thirty-three years old," Lahiri Mahasaya had said. "In the autumn of 1861, I was living in Danapur, working as a government accountant in the Department of Military Engineering. One morning, the manager sent for me:

—"Lahiri," he said, "we have just received a telegram from our head office. You are being transferred to Ranikhet, where a military base is being established.

"Accompanied by a servant, I set out on the 60-mile journey. Travelling on horseback and by carriage, we reached, after thirty days, the place in the Himalayas known as Ranikhet.

"My duties at the office were not demanding, and I was able to spend many hours wandering through the magnificent hills. On one occasion, I heard a rumour that several very great saints were gracing the region with their presence; I felt a strong desire to go and see them. During a walk one afternoon, I was astonished to hear a very distant voice calling my name. I continued my vigorous ascent up Drongiri Mountain. A slight unease came over me at the thought that I might not be able to return before darkness enveloped the jungle.

"At last, I reached a small clearing flanked by caves. Standing on one of the rocky edges was a young man who was smiling and holding out his hand in welcome. I noticed with astonishment that, apart from his hair, which was a reddish, coppery colour, the young man bore an extreme resemblance to me.

"'Lahiri, you've come!' the saint spoke to me affectionately in Hindi. 'Rest in this cave; it was I who called you.

"I entered a small grotto containing several woollen blankets wool and a few *)amandulus* (beggars' bowls).

"'Lahiri, don't you remember that seat?' The yogi pointed to a folded blanket in a corner.

'No, sir.'—Somewhat unsettled by the strangeness of my adventure, I added—'I must leave before night falls. I have work to do at the office tomorrow.'

"The mysterious saint replied, in English:

'The office was brought to you, not you to the office.'

"I was astonished that this forest ascetic not only spoke English, but also knew how to paraphrase the words of Christ. ('The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.' St Mark, 2:22).

"—I see my telegram has had the desired effect. —The yogi's remark was incomprehensible to me; I asked him what he meant:

"—I am referring to the telegram that brought you to these desolate regions. It was I who silently suggested to your superior that you should be transferred to Ranikhet. When one feels at one with mankind, all minds become transmitting stations through which it is possible to work at will." Then the saint added gently, "Lahiri, are you sure that this cave is not familiar to you in any way?"

"Whilst I remained silent, the saint approached and gave me a light tap on the forehead. Under this magnetic touch, a powerful current surged through my brain, unleashing the sweet memories of my previous existence.

"'Now I remember!' My voice was almost choked by sobs of joy. 'You are my master, Babaji, who has always been with me!' Many scenes from the past are flashing before my mind's eye; right here, in this cave, I spent many of the years of my past incarnation." As I was overwhelmed by these ineffable memories, I embraced my master's feet, my eyes filled with tears.

"—For more than three decades I have waited here for you to come, for you to return to me. You vanished into the tumultuous waves of life beyond death. The magic wand of your karma touched you, and you vanished. But even when you lost sight of me, I never ceased to see you. I pursued you across the luminous astral sea, where the angels sail. Through darkness, storms, seas and light, I followed you. Just like a mother who cares for her little child. When you lived out your human term of intrauterine existence, just as when you came into the light in the form of a child, my eyes never strayed from you. When your tiny form assumed the lotus posture, covered by the sands of Nadia, during your childhood, I was invisibly present, always awaiting the advent of this perfect day. Now, you are with me at last; well then, here is your cave, the very one you loved so dearly in days gone by. I have always kept it clean and ready for you. Here is your mat for the 'asana', upon which you used to sit daily to fill your heart with God. }My-

ra, there is your bowl, the very one from which you used to drink the nectar I prepared for you. Look how I have kept the bronze beautifully polished, so that you may drink from it once more! Do you understand now, my beloved?

"—My guru, what can I say?" I murmured, my voice trembling. "Where has anyone ever heard of such immortal love?" For a long time I gazed in ecstasy at my eternal treasure, my guru in life and in death.

"—Lahiri, you need purification. Drink the oil from this jug and lie down by the riverbank.

With a fleeting, wistful smile, I reflected on how accurate and ever-ready Babaji's practical wisdom was. -

"I obeyed his instructions. Even as the freezing Himalayan night began to descend upon us, I felt a pleasant warmth pulsing through every cell of my body, an inner radiance. I was filled with wonder. Was this unknown oil imbued with a cosmic heat?

"In the darkness, fierce winds swirled around me, hurling shrill and terrible challenges at me. The cold waters of the River €íogash lashed against my body at intervals as I lay on the rocky bank. I could hear the roars of the tigers prowling not far away, but there was no fear in my heart. The radiant force newly generated within me translated into a feeling of impregnable protection. Several hours passed swiftly; the fading memories of past lives wove themselves into the brilliant present form taken by my reunion with my guru.

"My solitary musings were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. In the darkness, I felt a man's hand gently helping me to my feet and handing me some dry clothes. '

"'Come, brother,' said the newcomer. 'The master is waiting for you.'

“He led me through the forest. The gloomy night was suddenly illuminated by a distant glow.

“‘Is that the dawn?’ I asked. ‘Surely the night is not yet over.’

“‘It is exactly midnight,’ laughed my companion. ‘That light is the radiance of a golden palace, materialised here this very night by our incomparable Babaji. In the darkness of the past, you once expressed a desire to enjoy the beauty of a palace. Our master has just fulfilled your *wishes*, thereby freeing you from the bonds of your karma.” Then my guide added: “That magnificent palace will be the setting for your initiation into *Kri and Soga* tonight. All your brothers here present join together in the joy of welcoming you and in the rejoicing at the end of your long exile. Look!”

“A vast palace of dazzling gold rose before us

. Adorned with countless jewels and set amidst beautiful gardens, it presented a sight of unparalleled grandeur. Many saints of angelic demeanour stood guard by the resplendent gates and appeared almost reddish due to the brilliance of the rubies. Numerous diamonds, pearls, sapphires and emeralds of great size and extraordinary lustre were set into the decorative arches.

“I followed my companion through a spacious reception hall. The scent of incense and roses hung in the air; several lamps, delicately veiled, cast multicoloured glows. Small groups of devotees, some of them dark-skinned, were singing or sitting in meditative postures, lost in their inner peace. A vibrant joy filled the atmosphere.

—“Feast your eyes; enjoy the artistic splendours of this place, for it has been created exclusively in your honour.” My guide smiled sympathetically when he heard me utter several exclamations of wonder.

—"Brother! Íje—; the beauty of this structure transcends the bounds of human creation. Please explain to me the mystery of its origin.

—"I shall gladly explain it to you," replied my companion, his eyes shining with wisdom; "in truth, there is nothing inexplicable about this materialisation. The entire cosmos is a materialised thought of the Creator. This very earth, this planet floating in space, is a dream of God. He created all things from His consciousness, just as man, in the consciousness of his dream, reproduces and brings to life a creation complete with all its creatures.

"First, God created the earth as an idea. Then
He accelerated the process and the atoms of energy were created; He coordinated the atoms into the form of this solid sphere. All its molecules are bound together by God's will. When He so desires," the Earth will disintegrate back into energy. The energy will, in turn, dissolve into consciousness. The idea of the Earth will vanish from objective reality.

"The substance of a dream remains manifest thanks to the Dreamer's subconscious thought. When the cohesive thought disappears upon waking, the dream and its elements dissolve. A man closes his eyes and constructs a dream-creation which, upon waking, he dematerialises without any effort on his part. In this way, he follows the divine archetypal pattern. Similarly, when he awakens to cosmic consciousness, he effortlessly dematerialises effortlessly the illusions of the cosmic dream.

"Being one with the almighty Will, Babaji can cause the elemental atoms to combine and manifest, taking on any form. This golden palace, created instantaneously, is real—as real as the Earth itself. Babaji created this mansion with his mind and holds the atoms together by the power of his will, just as God created this Earth and keeps it intact. Then my guide added: 'When this structure has fulfilled its purpose, Babaji will dematerialise it once more.'

"Whilst I stood there silent and awestruck, my guide made a sweeping, descriptive gesture.

"This palace, so beautiful, so superbly adorned with jewels, has not been built by human effort, nor with gold or gems laboriously extracted from the mines. It stands solidly as a monumental challenge to mankind. Whoever realises that he is a child of God, just as Babaji has done, can achieve any goal through the infinite powers that lie dormant within him. A simple stone holds within itself the secret of a prodigious atomic energy (i); in the same way, a mortal holds within himself, stored up, the divinity.

"The sage took from a nearby table an elegant goblet adorned with sparkling diamonds.

—"Our great guru created this palace by solidifying myriads of free cosmic rays," he continued. "Touch this goblet and these diamonds; all the tests of sensory experience to which you wish to subject it will be satisfied."

"I examined the goblet and ran my hand over the smooth surface of the quartz walls, thickened by the glittering gold that covered them. Each of the jewels scattered all around was worthy of a king's collection. A great sense of satisfaction filled my mind. A buried desire, hidden in my subconscious since lives now gone forever, seemed to be simultaneously gratified and extinguished.

My majestic companion led me through ornate arches and corridors into several chambers richly furnished in the style of an imperial palace. We entered a—

(i) The theory of the atomic structure of matter was expounded in the ancient Indian treatises Vaisesika and Nyaya. 'There exist vast worlds situated within the cavities of each atom, as numerous as the grains of dust in a ray of sunlight.'— Yoga Vasinhtha.

vast vestibule. In the centre stood a golden throne entirely encrusted with precious stones that shimmered in the most varied hues. And there, seated in the lotus position, was the supreme Babaji. I knelt on the gleaming floor before him.

—"Lahiri, (do you still nourish your dreams with the desire for a golden palace?[3] My guru's eyes shone like sapphires. 'Wake up! All your earthly desires are about to vanish forever.'

He murmured a few mystical words of blessing.

My son, rise. Receive your initiation into the kingdom of God, through Kriya Yoga.

"Babaji laid me down; a homa fire (sacrificial fire) suddenly appeared, surrounded by fruits and flowers. I received the yogic technique of liberation before that blazing altar.

"The rites were completed as day was breaking. I felt no need for sleep in my state of ecstasy; and I wandered through the palace, filled on all sides with treasures and priceless works of art. Descending into the enchanting gardens, I discovered, nearby, the very same caves and rocky plateaus—which the day before had been adjacent to no palace nor any flower-filled terrace.

"Returning to the palace, which glowed fabulously beneath the cold Himalayan sun, I sensed the presence of my master. He was still seated on the throne, surrounded by several silent disciples.

'Lakiri, you are hungry,' said Babaji; 'close your eyes.' When, having obeyed him, I opened them again, the enchanting palace and its picturesque gardens had vanished. My own body and the figures of Babaji and the group of disciples were seated on the bare ground, in the exact spot where the palace had vanished, palace, not far from the entrances to the sunlit caves
sun. I remembered that my guide had warned me that the palace would be dematerialised and its captive atoms released back into the thought-forms from which they had sprung. Even though

somewhat surprised, I looked trustingly at my master. I no longer knew what I was going to see next on this day of miracles.

—"The purpose for which the palace was created has been fulfilled," explained Babaji. He picked up a clay pot from the ground and said to me, "Place your hand in there and receive whatever food you desire."

"As soon as I touched the wide, empty vessel, it was filled with *luchis* fried in butter, *curries*, fruit and jams. I found myself observing that the pot remained perpetually full. When I had finished eating, I looked around for water. The guru pointed to the pot placed before me, and lo and behold, the food vanished! In its place appeared the water I had longed for, fresh and clear, as if from the mountain springs.

—"Few mortals realise that the kingdom of God encompasses the realm of worldly pleasures," observed Babaji. "The divine realm extends to the earthly one, but the latter, being illusory, cannot contain the essence of reality.

"Beloved guru, last night you showed me the link of beauty that unites earth with the heavens!"

—I smiled as I recalled things concerning the vanished palace; and surely never has a simple yogi received initiation amidst such impressive luxury! I gazed calmly at the contrast presented by the current scene. The rough floor, the ceiling formed by the sky itself, the caves offering their primitive shelter—everything seemed to have a charming, natural atmosphere, as if specially created for the seraphic saints who surrounded me.

"That afternoon I sat on my mat, sanctified by the association with the realisations of past lives. My divine guru approached and passed his hand over my head. I entered the state of *virbial Samadhi* and remained in its blissful bosom for seven days. Passing through the successive strata of self-knowledge, I penetrated the immortal realms of reality. All illusory limitations were cast aside; my soul was wholly established upon the eternal altar of the Cosmic Spirit. On the eighth day I fell

at my guru's feet and implored him to keep me by his side forever in that sacred solitude.

—"My son," said Babaji, embracing me, "your role in this incarnation must be played out on an external stage. Blessed even before your birth by many lifetimes of solitary meditation, you must now mingle with the world of other men. "A profound purpose lies behind the fact that you did not meet me until you were a married man with modest worldly responsibilities to fulfil. You must set aside your thoughts of joining our secret group in the Himalayas; your life lies in the bustling markets and in serving as an example as the ideal yogi and head of the household."

"The cries of many worldly, lost and bewildered souls have never failed to be heard by the Great Ones," continued my master. "You have been chosen to offer 'spiritual solace' through *Kriya Yoga* (gazing at the space between the eyebrows, 'between the two eyes') to many souls who sincerely seek the truth. The millions of people who find themselves bound by family ties and the heavy burdens of worldly life will find renewed courage through your help; you, who are yourself a head of a family, just like them. You must convince them that the highest attainments of yoga are not beyond the reach of a family man. Even whilst living in the world, the yogi who fulfils his responsibilities with faith, without personal bias or passion, follows the true path of knowledge.

"There is no need for you to renounce the world, for inwardly you have overcome all the bonds of karma. Without being of this world, you must nevertheless remain in it. There are still many years to come, during which you must fulfil your family duties, your business affairs, your civic obligations and your spiritual duties. A sweet and fresh breath of divine hope will penetrate the hearts of worldly men. Observing your balanced life, they will realise that liberation depends more on inner renunciation than on outward renunciation.

"How distant my family, my office, and the whole world seemed to me as I listened to my master on the solitary heights of the Himalayas! Nevertheless, truth permeated all his words; I resolved, with humility, to leave this heaven of blessed peace. Babaji instructed me in the ancient and strict rules governing the transmission of the art of yoga from guru to disciple.

—"Teach the keys to Kriya only to capable chelas," said Babaji. "He who vows to sacrifice everything for the sake of Dhinvidar is prepared to uncover the ultimate mysteries of life through the science of meditation."

—"Angelic Guru, since you have bestowed a favour upon humanity by reviving the art of *Kriya*, would you not increase that benefit by relaxing

by relaxing slightly the strict requirements for accepting disciples?" I asked, looking at Babaji with a pleading expression. "I beg you to allow me to instruct all those who seek the truth in *Kriya*, even if at first they are not fully capable of attaining the inner reward. The tormented men and women of the world, plagued by the threefold suffering—mental, physical and spiritual—need special encouragement. They may never set out on the path to liberation if initiation is denied them.

—"So be it. The will of the Divine has been expressed through you." With these simple words, the merciful guru lifted the rigorous disciplines that had kept the *Kriya* method hidden for ages. He offers the means of purification freely to all who humbly seek spiritual aid.

After a moment's silence, Babaji added:

"—Repeat to each and every one of your disciples this majestic promise from *the Bhagavad Gita:*

'Swalpamasya dharmasya, trayata mahato ghoyat'.

("Even a small part of the practice of this religion will save you from dreadful fears and colossal sufferings." Chapter II: o).

"When, the following morning, I knelt at my guru's feet to receive his farewell blessing, he sensed my

deep reluctance to leave him.

"—There is no separation between us, my son.

—He touched my shoulder affectionately. 'Wherever you are, and whenever you call me, I shall be with you instantly.'

"Comforted by his marvellous promise and enriched *by* the newly found gold of the knowledge of God, I descended from the mountain. At the office, I was greeted by my colleagues, who, for ten days, had believed me lost in the jungles of the Himalayas. Very soon a letter arrived from head office.

"Lahiri must return to the offices in Danapur," the letter said. "Your transfer to Ranikhet was a mistake. It is someone else who is to carry out the work in Ranikhet."

"I smiled, reflecting on the obscure and conflicting currents of events that had led me to this remote corner of India. ,

"—Before returning to Danapur, a town near Benares, I spent a few days with a Bengali family in Moradabad. A group of six friends gathered to greet me. As I steered the conversation towards spiritual matters, my host remarked sombrely:

"—'Oh, in these times there are no longer any saints in India.' "—

'Babu,' I protested heatedly, 'of course there are still great teachers in this land

In a state of exalted fervour, I felt compelled to recount my miraculous experiences in the Himalayas. The small gathering remained politely sceptical.

"—Lahiri," said one of the group calmly, "your mind must have been under great strain in the thin air of those mountains. It may well have been a dream."

"Burning with the enthusiasm of truth, I spoke without due reflection:

"'If I call him, my guru will appear right here, in this house.

"Interest flashed in everyone's eyes; it was no wonder that the whole group was eager to see a saint materialise in such a strange way. Somewhat reluctantly, I asked for a quiet room and two new woollen blankets.

"—The master will materialise from the ether," I said.

'Stay quietly outside the door; I shall call you later.'

"I sank into a state of meditation, humbly calling upon my guru. Very soon, the darkened room was illuminated by a faint light, similar to that cast by the moon; the luminous figure of Babaji appeared before me.

"—Lahiri, have you called me for such a trifle?

—The Master's gaze was stern.— Truth is for sincere seekers, not for those driven merely by vain curiosity. It is very easy to believe when one sees; then there is nothing to deny. Supersensual truth is reserved for, and discovered by, those who manage to overcome their natural materialistic scepticism.

—Then he added gravely: 'Let me go.' I threw myself at his feet.

"Holy guru, I realise my grave error; I humbly beg your forgiveness. It was to instil faith in these spiritually blind minds that I dared to call upon you. And since you have so generously appeared in answer to my prayer, please do not leave without first blessing my friends. Sceptical as they are, they will at least try to investigate the truth of my strange assertions.

"—Very well; I shall remain a little longer. I do not wish to see your word discredited in the presence of your friends." Babaji's face had softened, but he added gently, "From now on, my son, I shall come when you need me, not when you call me."

"A tense silence hung over the small group as I opened the door. As if they could not believe their eyes, my friends stared at the luminous figure sitting on the blanket.

"'This is mass hypnosis!' laughed one of those present. 'No one could have entered this room without us seeing them!'

"Babaji stepped forward, smiling, and moved amongst the onlookers so that they might touch the warm, firm flesh of his body. Their doubts vanished and my friends prostrated themselves on the floor, filled with dreadful remorse.

"'Let *halla* be prepared' (a 'porridge' made from wheat cream fried in butter and boiled milk). It was Babaji himself who made the request. And—as far as I know—he did so in order that those present might finally convince me of his physical reality. Whilst the porridge was boiling, the divine guru chatted affably. Great was the metamorphosis of these sceptical 'Thomas' figures, who were instantly transformed into devout 'Paul' figures. After we had eaten, Babaji blessed each of us in turn. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning; we all witnessed the instantaneous disintegration of the electronic elements of Babaji's body, which transformed into a vaporous light that spread throughout the room. The Master's power of will, harmonised with the Divine, had released its hold on the ethereal atoms that moments earlier had constituted his body; the trillions of tiny vitatrons vanished into the infinite reservoir.

"—With my own eyes I have seen the conqueror of death," said Maitra(z), one of the group, reverently. His face was transfigured with the joy of his recent awakening. "The supreme guru played with time and space just as a child plays with soap bubbles. I have met one who possesses the *'keys to heaven* and *earth'*.

"Very soon I returned to Danapur. Firmly anchored in the Spirit, I resumed my various family duties and those of my business as a good head of the household."

Lahiri Mahasaya came down from the mountain bearing within him the divine knowledge of the mysteries, that very secret

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wisdom

(z) Maitra, the man to whom Lahiri Mahasaya refers,

subsequently made great progress on the path of spiritual realisation. 'I met Maitra,' says Swami Yogananda, 'shortly after I had graduated from secondary school; he visited the Mahamandal hermitage in Benares whilst I was a resident there. During that visit he told me about Babaji's materialisation before the whole group in Moradabad. 'As a result of that miracle,' Maitra explained to me, 'I became a lifelong disciple of Lahiri Mahasaya.' —See 'Autobiography of a Contemporary Yogi'
by Swami Yogananda. Peace 3:4, the divine foundation of the mysteries, the very secret wisdom mentioned by St Paul in the First Epistle to the Corinthians 2:2–3.

"We speak of the wisdom of God, hidden in mystery, the wisdom which God predestined before the ages for our glory; which none of the rulers of this world knew, for if they had known it, they would never have crucified the Lord of glory."

St Paul is referring to the demon-men who had Jesus crucified, Luciferian angels who constitute the humanity of the planet.

The beautiful description of the immortal figure of Babaji given by the saint Lahiri Mahasaya—who also performed many miracles—gives me the courage, for the benefit of many, to share some astral communications with Lahiri Mahasaya's divine guru, who has retained his physical form on earth. The immortal Baba is an 'avatar'. One tries in vain even to imagine the scope of an avatar. But it is inconceivable to form an idea of what that transcendentally signifies. One understands—with the simplicity that comes from realisation—that he is a natural medium chosen by the Divinity to bring supreme blessings to a world that sorely needs them.

Babaji is a 'Divine Being' who makes himself visible in a physical body. He is in constant communication with humankind. His joint work with the Divinity is to inspire in nations the feeling of Love, in order to banish the innumerable evils of materialism that oppress and torment them.

Babaji works in the world, together with his few disciples, in quiet humility, applying the spiritual technique of salvation for this suffering humanity, which must perfect itself, and help one another as true brothers.

The author of this work, as a fervent disciple of Babaji, feels compelled to make it known to his readers.

Encounter I.

On $ February •9si, I resumed my spiritual communications with the Lord of the World.

In my peaceful morning slumber, I see the resplendent sky, and amidst the golden rays of the sun appears the luminous figure of a handsome young man with copper-coloured hair. Smiling, he said:

"—Before long you will have greater control over your emotions, my friend.

"Worldly life is not particularly pleasant. "But one must experience it.

"You, on the other hand, with your thirst for wisdom, will succeed in realising your endless aspirations.

"But what do you see?" he said, fixing his gaze on my eyes. "I am not mistaken!

"Do you have 'double vision'?

"Can you see great distances? "That will make you great

"You will be able to renew many natural processes.

"Bringing about the fulfilment of many of the Father's designs..."

—'How? **When,** Lord?

jWhat did you say? I don't understand.

jWho are you to speak like that?" "—I am Babaji, my son.

"I have never been mistaken in what I say.

—(So can I count on your spiritual help? "—Whenever something strange happens to you | or you need me.

—If that's the case, tell me now what I must do, Sir.

"—Serve your neighbour well, selflessly. "Be
merciful and compassionate towards those who
suffer. "There are many unfortunate souls on
earth. "Many tormented souls who need you.
"Don't worry about what they're called, 'one' or 'another'—it's all
the same. 'This one' or 'that one'—it makes no difference.
—But I need your support to carry this out, Lord.
Without divine support, almost nothing can be
done.
j Will I be able to see you often? i
"—As often as you like, through the sunlight.
"| If you can, or try to reach me in the subtlety of the ether l
—How can I manage that?
"|It depends solely on you whether you manage to
penetrate my subtlety. "Today I fulfil to you the promise
of long ago. "Resuming the interrupted meetings. "Due to
vexing causes that you know of | Two years ago l "Those
things are now forgotten and forgiven.
"You have fond memories of me. "|
When I took you to see the angels
"| And we stood at the foot of the Christ statue. Do you remember?"
—|In 19• In that humble 'Christ-like yogi' disguise!
OH LORD OF THE WORLD!!
I prostrate myself reverently at your feet... l
Then, still smiling, he faded away, little by little, into the sun's rays.

And I was left feeling happy with the sweet promise that he would be by my side whenever I needed him in the future.

Encounter II.

Three days after the first interview, Babaji appeared in the radiant space, seated in the lotus position. When he saw me, he said affectionately:

"—You have many responsibilities, my dear. "Take
it slowly; for good and trial go hand in hand.

Be cautious in what you do, to avoid painful consequences—

"The dangers surrounding you are many. "You
will have to struggle hard to overcome them. Your
disciples are very indifferent towards you.
"Learn to be stern with them, so that they may meditate.
"They look more to the illusory world than to Almighty God.
"They are blind and deaf to the vibrations of the cosmic ethers of Creation.
"They do not give due importance to the sacred things of God; they neither meditate nor practise their spiritual disciplines.
"The Father needs cooperative, purified souls."
—You, Babaji, are marvellous. }O divine Being!
}Blessed is he who stands by your side... 1
}You make Yourself visible to Your disciples in the mountain passes of the Himalayas
{Near Badrinarayan and on the heights as well l
"—The spiritual Sun would cease to shine its loving rays if the world were to lack great souls."
Then, leaning his face closer to mine, he said: "See
you very soon, my good friend."
And he vanished subtly into the cosmic ether, leaving me immersed in the most complete ecstasy.

Encounter III.

Ten days later. His melodious voice resonated through space,
calling out to
calling to me:
"—My friend" "I
want to tell you
'I want to speak to you'
I hurried over to his side. I said to him:
'Babaji, I have heard you from far away.
I wanted to ask you, if you'll allow me!

"—Do you wish for something, i
—To hear news of my beloved, Babaji.
—j La Bere? She's a great soul.
"She works here very happily, healing the sick.
"Her holy healings are marvellous!
"She puts what you have taught her into practice with great success. "Now, look over there in the distance... There is a friend of yours who is suffering. "What's the matter? Look closely.
—I see my disciple R. T., who is very seriously ill. He is sitting on the edge of his bed, thinking of you. He is resting from the painful effort of getting up. "—Very well. He is in this state because he turned away from the master. "It won't last long; his energies are already exhausted.
"He lacked faith—when he could have healed himself—in his curse. "Nor did he have the willpower to resist his physical ailment." True. But his soul has been saved because of you, Babaji!

Encounter II*.

Thirteen days after the first encounter, he said: "—You are burdened, Raaknahaif, with the crushing weight of your labours over so many years.
"Lighten your workload; but persevere in your noble spiritual endeavours and you will be happy.
"Heaven bestows 'graces' when asked. "—You can draw more divine light from heaven. "To spread it to those who are worthy to receive it.
"Men bear the weight of their sins with great difficulty. "It is a pity to see them suffer!" !
—Your voice is very melodious, Babaji. It resonates pleasantly in the ears of the fortunate.
"—Melodious," he replied, smiling like a child.
—Sometimes I cannot see you, Babaji.
"—I am very subtle, my friend.
"You need to concentrate more deeply.

"We must part ways. Purify yourself
further! 'See you very soon.'"
"Thank you …! Help me, little father!

Encounter V.

Fifteen days later.

"—I have brought you here to reveal to you a sign of great power. "But, before I show it to you bit by bit, first read 'AUTOGRAPHY OF A CONTEMPORARY YOGI' by Swami Yogananda, which they're going to give you as a gift.

"I wish to continue communicating with you."

—You honour me too much with your friendship, beloved Babaji.

"—There is much work to be done, my son.

"We need strong arms like yours." At that moment I looked down.

I felt the vertigo of the abyss, for we were travelling together in the astral through a narrow Himalayan gorge.

Discreetly, Babaji drew closer.

And with his left shoulder, he pushed me towards the rocky face of the high mountain. He continued:

"—The world is a mess. Isn't it?

"Its people lead miserable, disorderly lives. "You, carry on and you will achieve great things. "Your future will be very beautiful spiritually.

Then he fell silent, gazing downwards.

He pondered for a long while and, with an affectionate gesture, left me.

And we parted ways, heading in different directions—he towards the heights and I downwards to rejoin my body of flesh and bone.

Encounter VI.

Eighteen days later.

'When I hear your pleasant voice, Babaji, I tremble with joy

and I feel happy for a long time." "—

That pleases me, my friend.

"I am saddened by the indifference of your

disciples." "Only six are thriving!

"Your Master will tell you many interesting things tomorrow.

"I, too, shall remind you of many things forgotten in your mind.

"You do not make use of the powers that God has 1placed in your hands. Why, my dear one,

"The Sun fertilises the earth through divine inspiration.

"That mysterious Power reaches your soul as gently as a caressing breath or divine breath.

"Your timid soul is like the mystical white rose in the pure ideal of divine nature.

"You must be as resolute as the intrepid warrior who fights for justice, for the true, holy conquest of great ideals."

—With your divine support, Babaji, I can reach the summit of sacred knowledge. | Help me

I shall not only be the mystical rose, but much more.

"The rose is feminine," adored Babaji.

Its velvety petals are protected by thorns. The rose, or soul, is the most beautiful flower in God's garden. Its delicacy expresses the magical idea, the pure truth without a single blemish; the 'crucified rose' or the 'martyred rose' of Christ is the quintessential mystical or apocalyptic figure. It is the talisman of warriors, the prototype of purity, the object of inner adoration for those strong hearts that lovingly offer their lives in the service of God. |If you protect me, I shall achieve everything, Babajil

We parted ways straight away as good friends.

—"See you very soon," he said to me, and left with a smile.

Encounter VII.

Nineteen days later.

"—Now, my friend, we're setting off on a journey.

"You're going to enjoy this very much, and you'll always remember it.

"J Miral. Here come some highly evolved 'sublime beings'."

They approached in groups and embraced us warmly.

As we withdrew, all those beautiful souls clapped their hands with joy, shouting: 'Babaji, Babaji, Babaji, dear one!'

We continued on our way, passing through vast, luminous abodes.

However, we descended into other, less luminous regions, where we were stopped by numerous suffering souls, who cried out:

"—Please, heal us, Babaji!" The

clamour was horrifying.

And the poor souls displayed their deformed and wounded bodies.

Babaji, with compassion, raised his divine right hand. Lovingly he said to them:

"—I BLESS YOU... !

They all clapped their hands with joy.

They turned towards us, showing us their healed bodies; and their dark souls became radiant.

Turning towards where I stood, he said to me:

'Do you see? Those deformed and leprous bodies—Karma holds them that way.

"Guard your body against those sinful evils. "And your

soul too, my son… return to your body." "Farewell…"

—'Oh divine Babajil, it seems almost unbelievable how human sufferings

and human miseries vanish in these unknown regions under the mysterious spell of your sacred words and your eternal smile

Encounter VIII.

Twenty Days Later.

I was sleeping peacefully that morning when I heard Babaji's gentle voice saying:

—"Come, my son.

—"Babaji wants to see you."

"I'll be right there," I replied.

When he saw me, he said:

—"You've changed!

"All it takes is a slight mental effort for you to be by my side.

"You have refined your spirit.

"Try to remember the past without mental lethargy.

"Concentrate 'between your eyes'.

"Think fervently; great things can be achieved. "To will firmly is to bring about what one desires. "In this way, you will achieve everything you long for.

"Your time on earth is growing shorter, my dear!" "Examine every detail of your past life.

"Carry out your future actions with discernment.

"With your gaze, penetrate the unfathomable Infinite. "Look, what beautiful stars it contains…!

"Meditate daily and you will see wonders.

"In this way, you will understand the greatness of God.

"You are kind and helpful; we love you very much. "God will reward you with gifts from Heaven.

"Are you hungry?

He handed me a delicious sponge cake, covered with light, fresh and fragrant cream.

I reached out my right hand and took it from her delicate hand. I ate it with delight.

"—(Is it delicious?

"Yes, indeed i

"I make these sponge cakes in small and large quantities.
"They're the delicacies of the gods! "I
must be off now; farewell, then."
And she vanished, hiding behind the sun's rays. I
woke up with my mouth full of sugar.
Savouring "something" exquisite, ecstatic and divine.
It is the manna from Heaven, the food of the gods and of all the blessed souls who revel in the joy of eating the heavenly bread. .

Encounter IX.

Twenty-one days later.
"—You have, my son, the authority to open the gates of my kingdom. No one passes through my 'Ocean of Light' without my consent.
"You possess keys—signs to descend into the 'strata' or to ascend, wherever you please on high.
'All that is nothing, my Master, if I do not
have your divine protection.'
—"Well now, my dear…!"
-"In English there is a word, 'Ram'.
"You know it as 'Ra-Ma'.
"It holds great spiritual significance.
"If you make it vibrate in a certain way, you can produce great sacred vortices.
'The fiery mass of the Earth obeyed the "Creative Word".'
—You are a wise Little Grandfather, my dear.
My greatest happiness is to live with my beloved, by your side.
—"I shall be your Master and look after your
Bere. "I shall guide your steps.
"I shall bless your chosen disciples and your Bere as well.
"After your death, you will come to me.
"You will continue in the cosmos, by my
side."

Encounter X.

After twenty-two days.
'Oh, immortal Maha Yoyi!
It is a delight to talk with you, Babaj i.
Your 'spiritual eye' shines like a diamond.
You are the Light of pure truth.
—"It's a pity to see you so indecisive about merging with that Light, my friend."
—Me, lacking resolve, Babaji?
Nonsense! I'm not afraid.
You'll see how I'll fight, even to the death.
—"Don't be so alarmed, Charlie.
I'm talking about a different kind of
decision. To become holy.
—'But that's very difficult… Babaji,
"The Father will tell you how to do
it. "Alone … |cal1adito!
"What's more, He'll give you many things you're not
expecting. "Now off to bed; it's half past two already.
"Good night... 1.
When I returned to my body, I looked at my watch.
{ | It was half past two in the morning... l!

Encounter XI

March-I• '955
—"My dear... dear," said the "Mahayogi", "patting my shoulders affectionately. He suddenly said to me:
'All the RA, positive, and the MA, negative — feminine, constitute the primordial leaven of all universal existence. 'I—Babaji—am
the bridge between "Mankind and the Christ". 'Everyone must pass
through my divine Kingdom.
"Yes; in my Kingdom, souls enjoy freedom. "Down
below, they are enslaved to their wretched fates.

"That's all for now…
"See you very soon… we'll meet again.
. --And I was wondering until it faded from view

Encounter XII.

29 March 1955—
—"I want to lighten your burden for now, my son.
"I have many things to tell you. "I
shall tell them to you, little by
little.
"Be at peace.
"Look forward to future

revelations." Meeting XIII.

3 April 1955
"—Listen, my son... l
"Since 1 April, the great Masters, in recognition of your
, have bestowed upon you the title of Sri.
—I already know that, dear Babaji.
Two days ago, a divine messenger personally conveyed the 'Great News' to me.
"—Well then, you are now an illustrious Sri.
"That high honour, recognised by 'all of us', is highly highly sanctifying for your spirit.
"From my Kingdom, I send the blessings of my Father.
"Can I now see you immersed in a wave of divine love?"... I accepted at once:
—'If you think it appropriate, Babaji, go ahead.
I can begin right now without any hesitation. "—
}Now... now, now...1" —said Babaji, satisfied.
"I have made a firm resolution," I said.
To merge into that constellation of immortal beings who are carrying out the
'Great Work of Human Liberation'.

For all great souls must inevitably renew themselves in the fervour of ‘Purity and Holiness’.

So, there you have it, Babaji.

Meeting XIV.

Abirl-i6-’955

—“Oh, Sri Raaknahaif … !

“Your future duties will be brilliant.

“They will leave nothing to be desired.” He exclaimed joyfully:

—‘I am overjoyed, Babaji.

I have reached the boundary line from where I look:

Below, the return to earth, slavery with its pleasures and illusions, provided by material possessions.

Above, the liberating Heaven with its eternal spiritual joys.

—“Your fatherly love is great on earth for your disciples Sri.

“In time, they will become true spiritual leaders. “You have chosen the good ones.

“The wicked have been rejected.

“I shall help them effectively.

“A loved one of yours serves you in secret. “It is your beloved wife, who loves you dearly. “Other disciples will come to your side. “Seek the Sacred Powers of ‘AUM’.”

“Today, your appointment as Sri is confirmed on high. You will be a source of comfort to many who are afflicted.

“I have had something made especially for you. “It will last a thousand years!

“In future, you will act as a ‘Messenger’.”

“You are free!

“You will be no one’s victim!

“What you have been will never be that again. “Be calm and peaceful.

“Go. Be happy.”

“Before my fears come true . . , !”.

“Oh, my Master! Those fears will not come true.”

A thousand thanks...! By your side, nothing will happen to me.

I am happy to have been led to your Kingdom of Light—a place of peace and eternal silence for souls.

{Thank you from the bottom of my heart, Babaji, for all your gifts.

For opening the sacred gate to your Kingdom for me!

|Where the fullness of love is beyond conception…!

The people of the West do not know you; but the O1'1CII-taĺes do, for they receive wisdom and peace from your own teachings in the Himalayas.

Oh Babaji, beloved! Your disciples shower you with affection; for under your divine influence, all shall be reborn into a new spiritual era...!

Encounter XV.

January 1956.

—“I am —Babaji— Charlie.

“Come, quickly.

“From the feet of Christ, you are forcing me to come down— .”

—I’m coming straight away, Babaji, my dear.

Like a ray of light, my astral body pierced the veil of silk that conceals infinite space.

Soon I arrived to prostrate myself at my Master’s feet.

—“You have arrived, my son, to my marvellous world, to my ‘Ocean of Light’.

“Do you see? How the light I receive radiates?

“See how the ‘Solar Wave’ flows down from on high?

All of that is fire… | Primordial Fire!

Divine Breath! Spiritual Life! “Can you hear it?” “O Creator Om?”

“You are my ‘Son’ by my sovereign will.”

“Well then, Sri, I accept you from this moment onwards as my ‘Disciple’—

lo."

'Take this news to Earth.

"It will be a word of comfort to those who believe in you.

|He held out his right hand to me—divine!

{He gave me a firm handshake! And

smiling, he said:

"|I congratulate you, my dear.

"For you have received the reward for many past lives; some are worthy of mention.

"The Father rewards your merits and your sacrifices with His Holy Love, whose effusions will fill you with blessings at all times, and which will render you invisible to Satan (the inverted reflection of the Planetary Spirit).

—'Thank you, Babaji, my dearest.

I feel your divine aura, which shields me from the snares of demon-men, Luciferian angels, deprived of divine love, for in their ignorance they are unaware of the mysteries of Messianism and the Incarnation.

That is why, pointing to their errors, Jesus on Calvary exclaimed: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'.

—"Yes. I have much sacred knowledge to reveal to you.

"Everything is subject to the forces of nature. "Proclaim that incubi and succubi kill many people."

VII

I N THE G O A L

After fifty-four years of sacred initiation amongst the wise Brahmins, I have managed to carry out great spiritual works through profound and continuous study. This does not mean that I am a Master or a saint. I merely wish to express, humbly,

that there is much to be done in order to better oneself; the vain man believes himself to be an interpreter or ‘Minister’ of God, whom he neither reveres nor knows. Such an irreverent attitude—which is by no means uncommon—is not only intellectually reprehensible, but the act itself becomes a sin of vanity against the Holy Spirit.

For many long years, I have patiently followed a rugged path, full of anxieties and dangers; and I have walked silently, pressing on without ever straying from my civic and moral duties. My determination to better myself has rewarded me with the highest initiatory titles, granting me the ability to reach the very source of light and truth. Fear of overcoming obstacles only weakens and breaks down the wicked or the faint-hearted… (Who does not know that wickedness and corruption are human evils that spread their degrading dominion across all corners of the earth? When this happens on Earth, destructive war rages of its own accord without anyone taking the trouble to ignite it.

I write these lines with pleasure, with the enthusiasm of teaching those who do not know. I feel that love spurs me on like a powerful stimulus. For it is a creative force… it is wise… it is something great and mysterious; it is a lever that moves the world. What do I know… it is all that is sublime, all that is good… that which inspires creatures towards purity, towards redemption, and to become worthy as a holy man. From divine love flows life, like a mighty river pouring into the hearts of all. Love moves the will, and the will moves the world. Through the will, the yoke of evil is shaken off… The will is everything. To will is to be able. The soul that wishes to fight against its own inner evils triumphs and joyfully exclaims: ‘Thunder, O heavens! Let lightning strike the world; nothing daunts me. I do not fear the fury of the storm. Its roar inspires me.’ ;

A soul that has been strongly cultivated will be powerful in the realm of light, that great, infinite realm where the brave find refuge. The noble warriors who dedicate themselves there do not expect rewards… ‘Lord,’ they say, ‘if great struggles were necessary to serve you,

we shall gladly fight; if heroism is required, we shall be heroic; if sacrifice is demanded, we shall be martyrs. We are nothing. But when we intuitively sense Your Sacred Will within our being—oh, how little we know ourselves—we feel divine and fulfil Your commands, acting with deep faith, invoking the celestial fire.

For all deities are 'Fires'. The smoke of that divine Fire, which is the glory of the existing being, appears as mist to those who do not purify themselves … where vulgar souls sleep, unconscious, for several centuries after their bodily deaths. The awakening of the divine Fire takes place during the course of earthly life, when one gains a broad vision of the Self through the 'vital winds' that circulate through the human body, and these winds absorb one another to kindle the 'Sevenfold Divine Fire'.

The Fire, or Universal Soul, is the Supreme Self, which forms the basis of the ascetics' faith; its officiating priests are: the nose (smell), the tongue (taste), the eye, the skin, the ear, the mind and the intellect—that is to say, the '*tongues* of *fire*' of the 'Sacred Flame' which resides in part within the free man, in his five 'vital breaths' that comprise his physical senses.

The 'sacred fire' predominates in the joints and in the spinal column, where it is concentrated as a serpentine fire of an ever-living spiritual power, containing all the lights and the forty-nine powers that the adepts wield to communicate with the celestial deities.

He who has awakened his 'I-Fire' passes through the physical bodies. For that Being, there are no barriers to limit them; there is nothing to halt them—no smoke, no darkness, no opposing power, no Ruler of the spheres, no Personal Genius or Planetary Spirit, Satan, Karma, etc.—that can stand against the overwhelming light of that pure soul. Light of all existing lights within the boundless and eternal lights.

Systematic irreligiousness is, and always will be, powerless to extinguish the divine spark that we carry hidden within our body—

, like a pearl hidden within the human heart; and like an inextinguishable flame, it burns most brightly in the humblest of human beings. Its natural power seeks to help by enlightening its possessors, who generally live submerged in a destructive hell, where hatred, violence, lust, vice, hunger, misery, filth and confusion reign.

The unfortunate soul who strays from the path of righteousness that leads to the sublime heights, where the purest spirituality reigns, is seen to stumble at every turn on the path of life, and if he lacks sufficient strength to maintain his balance, he falls into the abyss that draws him with desperate force, severing the subtle connection with the Universal Spirit, whose glimpse of eternal life is his own solidarity with all the regular, systematic principles of order—the sacred social bonds provided by human brotherhood.

If we have been created to defy the prevailing difficulties in the world, we must also learn to equip ourselves with the mighty strength of Prometheus to reach the summit of human thought. According to an ancient tradition, three Norns passed by the cradle of a king's son. One bestowed upon him 'strength', another 'wisdom', and the third offered him 'the restless spirit that is ever thinking of the newest things'. The father, fearful of such a dangerous gift, refused to accept it. This was his son's misfortune. He grew up to be handsome, strong and wise; yet, deprived of the drive to observe and investigate what he did not know, he lived his whole life as a complete imbecile, and was killed by a rock that the dwarves caused to fall upon his head whilst he slept in his unconsciousness.

Our earth bestows upon us, like the three Norns, gifts to be put into practice and studied; but there exists among men a mania for leading an easy and comfortably indulgent life, which weakens our faculties; it causes us to languish morally, until we reach decrepitude and death. If we do not react under the impulse of the liveliest enthusiasm to reach an ideal world, we are lost men. That is why healthy, vigorous spirits feel the irresistible need to assert themselves over the weak

of character, with heroic resolve and ardour of the soul, in the broadest and purest sense, to bring about, in a real and effective manner, the spiritual values of the great, noble, perfect man—overflowing with holy love and free from melancholy more bitter than the deserts of nature.

But in human life nothing is ever finished, nothing is complete. Men are compelled to act in accordance with their nature; a thousand karmic bonds oppress them, a thousand vagaries scatter them, until the moment arrives when all work together for the common good. Then, with their 'second sight' developed, they will be able to enter, with lucid awareness, a better world—an enchanted world filled with fantastical apparitions and populated by ideal, sublime figures; they will pass from wonder to wonder, until they reach the refuge of the angels and the forgotten gods.

Thus, through the luminous eternal life, we shall find the Penelope of the home, transformed into the Seer, the 'Celestial Soul', resplendent, whose flame holds the marvellous key to liberation and entry into a new world, full of freshness, overflowing with eternal youth, where one sees everything to the very depths of things. Reaching that place signifies the final triumph, the march towards Victory, the precise moment when the hopeful and militant soul ascends from earth to the heavens, to the ideal Kingdom, where the dwellings are innumerable, and whose expanding spheres unfold into infinity.

Through its knowledge of the principles of *trinity* and *duality*, the soul perceives the Universe as both a trinomial and a binomial, which are *reunited* in the unity of their equivalences. In the conceptual aspect of its manifold laws, it recognises an organism of forms, an organism of forces, and an organism of laws, forming a single *principle* of collective *units*. With the principle of duality come the law of symmetry, the law of compensation and the law of *reciprocity;* and in motion, this becomes *rhythm*, whereby the entire universe functions through rhythms, from astronomical to psychic phenomena; from chemical to social phenomena. Every principle of order is a principle of equilibrium...

V I I

SPEECH BY SRI RAAKNAHAIF

Delivered at the Spanish Circle, in Santiago, on 2 June •1966, commemorating its fifty-fourth anniversary, as an active member of the *Sacred Order of 'Kailas' – India.*

My friends:

Waves of enthusiasm and joy float through this warm and friendly atmosphere.

Every face is smiling and content. This is due to a duty fulfilled.

And also to the victorious heroes of our new conquests! We are among souls yearning for the 'Eternal Novelty'.

The luminous Fountain, from which wisdom and its heavenly blessings flow, delightfully renewed and varied!

Columbus, a chosen soul, saw that light from heaven. That is why he said:

"Man is an instrument of God, who must give his all to his work and place himself in the hands of Providence, which makes use of him for its purposes. Whilst the body is able, the soul must be exacting."

Demanding even unto death—Divine Service demands it!

When the Creator's breath is felt as true inspiration to realise noble impulses, we must not resist its immediate actions. We must reach the point of detachment from everything.

Something similar has been expressed, with great emotion, by my loyal disciple,

A. N., said with great emotion:

"As I place this gold medal in our Master's hand—a symbol of the deep love we feel for him—I do so with immense satisfaction, on behalf of all my dear brothers. This emblem of affection bears, engraved on its 'obverse', his illustrious name, Sri Raaknahaif, a distinguished member of a Mystical School of the White Mountains of Kailas, which has transcended the limits of human science, where genius is illuminated by the radiance of the heavens; and on the 'reverse', in indelible characters, in an unforgettable form, it expresses the purest feelings of gratitude of his disciples towards their beloved Master.

"The haloed obverse of the medal enigmatically contains a world of secret knowledge, as yet unrevealed by official science. It can only be understood by those who dwell in the solitude of the Himalayan mountains."

All those beautiful, inspired words, spoken with such humility and simplicity by the spokesperson for the thoughts of all those present—my great and dear friends—have been deeply meaningful, carving a profound path of esteem and affection in my grateful heart. On this occasion too, taking advantage of this festive gathering to indulge myself, I am going to do something worthy of A. R. N., another disciple, in the form of a sketch or drawing.

Everyone knows the friend mentioned here for his di-
vital energy. He practically embodies the meaning of 'Where there's a will, there's a way.'

When he's determined, he raises his clenched fist high... l |And watch out for him!

He has a gift for words when he gets carried away.

He uses forceful language to rouse souls lulled by their illusory dreams.

He carries his magic wand in his right hand, from which everything springs forth in
abundance.

But when he grips them firmly, he makes their knuckles ... }Strong, like a tennis champion... 1 ' }He has a big heart!

He is kind, magnanimous and generous.

That is why I appreciate him for his simplicity.

A soul refined by virtue!

An iron will, whose diamond-like hardness has been forged on the anvil of tribulations, and through honest and efficient work! His natural principles as a man of action have placed him amongst those who hold their heads high and are self-assured. I hold my friend, Abraham, in the highest esteem and gratitude; for with each passing day he is increasingly elevated in the truth, full of mystery.

¡ Very few know the truth... l

Reaching the truth ought to be everyone's aspiration. To probe its secrets is like scaling the rugged peak of a high mountain. Only those who are prepared to pay the price demanded in terms of self-discipline, willingness and risk can do so.

Everyone has the right to try; but very few are the chosen ones who, without the timely guidance of a teacher, have managed to discover the truth on their own.

The doctrine is always transmitted by a guide, but the truth must be found by the disciple himself.

'Be your own lamps,' the Buddha used to repeat to his devotees. 'When I am gone,' he would say to his cousin and disciple Ananda, 'the Doctrine and discipline I have taught you will be your Master.'

Most people falter in the face of the power of truth. Fearfully they ask:

'Is it worth taking such a risk for so little?'

Those who speak in this way are themselves of little worth, given their way of thinking.

The chosen souls think differently; they alone venture to lift the veil of Maya, which conceals the

real—the life that sustains all that exists; they gain ground, inch by inch, in the illusory world over a prolonged period of time, until, through perseverance and patience, they succeed in reducing to a single stage the various stages they had to traverse. Only those enlightened souls comprehend the meaning of things which, for us, constitutes the primary objective of our rituals, training and severe ascetic practices: to follow the gentle path of the right, never the turbulent and dark path of the left which leads to the abyss. There is a saying
that is very well known in India:

"To take the right-hand side is to show deference to the doctrine inscribed on the stones of the temples or on the *CHOR-TEN or STUPAS", emblematic Buddhist monuments which, for devout Hindu believers, are the equivalent of the Crucifix for Catholic Christians. To take the left-hand side is dangerous; because it faces the demons who personify evil, darkness and the errors of mankind.

For this reason, the student or devotee knows which side is in their best interests and steers clear of the side that leads astray; they know that the mind, being sensitive as it is, loses control of the conscience, *'Free will'* becomes disoriented, and if one does not rein in one's senses on the easy steps of sin, how much less could one do so on the steep slope of vice that drags one down, gathering ever greater speed, until the poor soul falls like a rag into the deepest abyss.

The devotee is timid at the outset of his initiatory practices, when he seeks the truth in its many aspects as they relate to him; he proceeds cautiously, fearful of straying from the path, casting aside the temptations that beset his steps; once master of the physical realm, the divine realm and the realm of sacrifice, he understands things with greater clarity. He ceases to be the plaything of his 'Fate', and with heroism wins his longed-for freedom.

The battlefield is everywhere. One must be like Hunding or Segismundo, who die defending their rights in a fierce duel on the crest of a cliff. There, he comes to defend

Segismund, the valiant Brunhilde, more beautiful than her other Valkyrie sisters, who also come to his aid, riding back and forth to their rocks, mounted on clouds, carrying with them, on their steeds, the bodies of the heroes fallen in righteous battles, to Valhalla, where Wotan, the Norse god, makes himself seen, alongside his own, sadly awaiting the inevitable Twilight.

For us, warriors of Kailash!, the 'Lord of the World' awaits us, our beloved Master, who guards the entrance to the Cosmic Heaven, where all is renewed and endures in perfect balance.

The 'Cosmos' is conscious in all its divine manifestations: it contracts through inhalation and expands through exhalation. There, everything pulsates with life; nothing is dead, inert or static; the dynamic activity within beings and things is complete, like the atomic radioactivity demonstrated by science. That 'Unity of Principles', radioactive and conscious, is identical throughout the infinite; 'Karma', in its 'ebb and flow', vitalises souls and animates atoms, endowing them with inconceivable power. Human beings, whether living or dead, come and go, like the divine breath of the gods.

Human beings are compelled to defend themselves against 'Karma', to shuffle the cards they bring into play through their actions. At every moment they are influenced by these actions, which, sooner or later, manifest as vortices of force that give or take away, reward or punish, often in an overwhelming manner that culminates.

These 'karmic vortices *or* circles' are similar to those produced by a stone falling onto the surface of a lake. The first ripples spread out, vibrating into the impenetrable darkness of the past. Transmutations arise from new impulses brought about by favourable changes or reactions resulting from the consequences of previous causes, the spiritual tendency of which is the *'liberation'* from karma.

Firstly, we must note that the Law of Karma governs the Cosmos.

This 'Cosmic Activity' is determined by the sum total of the 'Causes and Effects' that occur in the universe, whose

subsequent reactions are in the process of becoming causes that generate new effects, which in turn become new causes.

There is also ‘Localised Activity’, linked to the conditions prevailing in all the subdivisions of the universe, which, taken separately, are already considered in their manifestations.

There is also ‘Racial Action’, the causes and effects of which are defined as Heritage. There is ‘Personal Action’, that is to say, individual acts and thoughts with their corresponding results, which are felt not only in one’s immediate surroundings but everywhere, in ways that are beneficial or harmful to the active community. Every manifestation, whatever it may be, is the result of one or many previous activities, carried out with good or bad intentions. All souls carry within them the ‘germ-like genes’ of their (chromasonic) or previous lives. For this reason, good souls descend from the azure heights, endowed with virtuous principles accumulated through their ‘Karma’, and come down driven by their active impulse and their compelling desire to learn more and cultivate holiness, for they reach the warm bosom of the earth with a resolute purpose. As it plunges into its depths, it seeks the familiar shelter of human love, where it finds protection, takes refuge and slumbers peacefully as an ‘embryo’. Then, the conscious spirit (anima) transforms into a foetus, is born as a child, grows, develops into a young adolescent, works in a favourable environment and reaches adulthood, where its inner struggles intensify. The man who is most conscious, owing to the maturity of his mind, feels chained by the ebb and flow of his past lives; and, consequently, suffers the resulting pain, finding himself bound by a chain of gold or iron—the latter more grievous—which his implacable ‘Karma’ has bestowed upon him. His efforts to break free are in vain! Ignorance—the prolific womb of Action and Desire—binds him tightly to the Karmic Wheel, which tears him apart in ceaseless motion, much like a factory where the machinery must not stop for a single minute, neither by day nor by night.

If man knows what 'Karma' means, he sets his soul to work to kindle the 'sacred fire' through prayer and penance, as recommended by the 'Sacred Scriptures'. Then it burns away his impurities and reduces them to ashes. It is transfigured and, through the subtlety it acquires, can pass through the veil of Maya that conceals the sacred mysteries, which will teach it how to neutralise its Karma.

The wise soul, long trained in self-discipline,
, soon acquires the divine personality. The
immaculate soul is essence and potency. It is
dual, like the Word-Light.
It is the taste of the waters.
The radiance of the Sun and the
Moon. Om, the Creative Word.
The sound in the ether.
Man's conscious self. It is the
fragrance of the earth.
The radiance of the sacred fire. The
seed of all beings.
The radiance of all things.
The ascetic's self-discipline.
The intellect of the wise. The
power of the mighty.
The strength free from desires.
The desire that does not stand in the way of the fulfilment of spiritual duties.
The omnipotence of the wise.
The subduing power of 'Karma'.
The man who subdues his Karma lives contentedly.
That is why the Masters say:
'By applying the prescribed rules of "OM", "TAT", "SAT", Karma is extinguished. These words mean the following: 'That', the
'Real', the Triple Name of God, by which
the Brahmanas, the Vedas and the sacrifices were established in ancient times.

Believers who know the mysterious power of these sacred words always begin the rites of sacrifice, offerings and austerities by uttering 'OM', as recommended by the sacred texts, the 'Vedas'.

The word 'TAT' must be uttered without expecting any reward. Those who seek liberation perform various acts of sacrifice, austerities and charity, without any self-interest, solely out of love for God.

The word 'SAT' is used in the sense of reality and goodness. It is also used in the sense of acting with the , auspicious acts for the common good of the community, in a noble and generous manner.

Perseverance in sacrifice, austerity and charity is called 'SAT'; and every altruistic action performed out of love for God and one's neighbour is also called SAT.

Any sacrifice, deed or act of charity or austerity practised with pomp or outward show, without faith, is called 'ASAT' (unreal). It has no value whatsoever, neither on earth nor in heaven, because it lacks the sacred vibration of faith.

Without faith, nothing can be achieved; there is no power of intense concentration.

Without faith, there is a lack of confidence and the resolute will required to achieve the divine process of *'annulment'* of attachments, desires, strong passions and sensory pleasures which extinguish the light of reason and cast a shadow over the intellect and the mind.

The transcendental intellect is the faculty bestowed upon us by the First Celestial Father, and it facilitates direct contact with the Real Mind of the Cosmos. The immortal human 'Triad' consists of: Intelligence–Mind–Spirit, which enables the devotee to enter a divine state of liberated consciousness in harmony with the Cosmos, through spiritual methods of personal realisation, the primary aim of which is to catch a glimpse of the Truth, the Divine Splendour.

The 'Method' is regarded as an auxiliary means, synonymous with universal love. True wisdom requires flexibility: it must encompass an infinite variety of forms and conditions

to meet the specific needs and capacities of all beings.

Our Hermetic wisdom teaches:

to differentiate things by spiritual category; their evolutionary stages; and the radiance or mirror-like reflection of THE UNCREATED. It is highly detailed; it possesses reliable methods for attaining Knowledge of the Unchanging or an Understanding of the Divine Substance.

Wisdom and Method go hand in hand to destroy human suffering, which can be compared, in its purpose, to Jesus' beautiful Sermon on the Mount, in which, as a wise Master, he shows how to find the Way, the Truth and Eternal Life.

i. Perfect Will.
z. Righteous Visions.
3. Appropriate Discourse.
q. Appropriate Teaching.
$. Appropriate Means of Livelihood.
6. Appropriate Effort.
2. Perfect Mindfulness or Vigilance.
8. Perfect Meditation.

The Path consists of eight parts, included within the Ten Christian Commandments, which must be meticulously carried out by my *disciples* so that they may, happily, perfect themselves, using tranquillity to meditate. Daily meditation is the hallmark of the saint who, through their daily practices, has reached the eighth branch of the Path, cultivating tranquillity and harmony of the soul with the Cosmic Infinite. In this way, they will find the alignment of their entire being with the divine 'Word'; the attainment of a state of perfect receptivity to divine 'grace'; and the dissolution, through KARMA, of distinctions, ultimately uniting with the Real / Eternal.

Meditation, as understood by my disciples in this way, will in future be very easy to practise within our future Chilean organisation, called 'Kailas'. Because of this, the Chilean people will receive from Heaven many gifts that will benefit the nation; for the Chilean people possess unique spiritual means that are within their reach to bring about

a formidable and beneficial spiritual current throughout the South American continent, following *'President Eisenhower'* in his magnanimous statement:

"THIS FORCE — THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE THE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN—MAY BECOME A GREAT CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL HUMANITY."

Only great, self-assured men can express themselves in this way. In the presence of these redeemers of the human race, *'Chile, Great* and *Generous'*, stood up and signed two momentous agreements with the United States: that of August 1955,
and, more recently, the one from this year, 1956, on cooperation in the prospecting for *deposits* of radioactive minerals in national industries. Their selfless collaboration with Chilean scientists will prove highly effective in the international atomic field, helping to make a reality the magnificent message of peace and human brotherhood delivered by former President Truman to the United States Congress two months after the atomic bomb test, the terrifying potential of which was demonstrated in August 1945

The message, like a heartfelt plea from a generous soul,
read:

"THE HOPE OF CIVILISATION LIES IN INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENTS AIMED AT RENOUNCING THE USE AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE ATOMIC BOMB AND DIRECTING ALL FUTURE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH TOWARDS PEACEFUL AND HUMANITARIAN ENDS".

These few men of great stature, such as Eisenhower and Truman, are regarded as Dante's true 'Veltri', 'Divine Messengers', who watch over suffering humanity, where there still remain many 'furaiiioi' who, through their wickedness, contributed to the complete destruction of the 'Atlanteans', with the sinking of the lost continents, *'Atlantis'* and *'Lemuria'*, due to their misuse of *'atomic nuclear energy'*

MORE LIGHT

Science illuminates mankind with its divine splendours when it reaches the pinnacle of mastery. Just as God created man's intelligible light in a surge of Sublime Love, so too does the virtuous sage bow joyfully before the golden light of heaven that transmutes atoms into worlds.

All that I have said, as an offering or a tribute to the Creator, is to demonstrate that the realm attained by the sages can be conquered by men of action. He who regards wisdom and the performance of actions as one and the same righteous thing is a true 'Enlightened One', who knows that renunciation of action is difficult to achieve without first having performed it. In this way, the renunciant is transformed into a knower of the Truth, which grants him 'divine vision', enabling him to perceive the Supreme Being and to perform actions in accordance with Him, without any attachment to material things. He then knows how to act independently of the body, the mind, the intellect and even the senses themselves, now that they have been purified.

Among millions of human beings, scarcely one seeks perfection; and among thousands of the faithful, only one truly knows the Supreme Being. This one who knows most possesses a soul as strong as granite; such a great soul is hard to find, for with its unbreakable spirit it reaches the centre of gravity, where the pure essences, freed from Illusion, are concentrated. Hegel says:

"The essence of the spirit is freedom".

But how can one escape from this immense mousetrap of the world, in which souls are caught in the meshes of their illusions?

If the universe rests in freedom, the soul must sever the bonds of slavery to its desires. It must turn away from the gaze of any enticement, from the blinding spectacles that fascinate, from

the magical, enchanting illusion that casts a mist before the eyes, concealing the reality of freedom within a relative realm. The word ‘relativity’, which modern science has brought into vogue in our day, may define it. One must think deeply to know how to act, for good and evil are not two comparable states of being. What is good today may be evil tomorrow. Fire can, alternately or simultaneously, nourish and consume. One cannot contain evil without containing good. One cannot stop death without stopping life. Either of these opposing concepts is a different manifestation of the same reality.

The cogs of the Wheel that turns the world contain terrifying mechanisms. If we place our hand between the teeth of its gears, it will tear it to pieces, and we may be utterly absorbed and destroyed; for we are all swept along by the powerful and intricate machine of the universe. Free souls can counteract it by seeking refuge in the Absolute. But to attain it, one must free oneself from the Wheel of Rebirth, the garden of death which abounds with the ‘forbidden fruit’, of Eden.

It must be like the universe; it is born in freedom; it lives in freedom, and it is reabsorbed into freedom.

The idea of the heroic struggle for freedom is deeply ingrained in Christian thought. St. Basil the Areopagite went so far as to make Jesus the leader of the fighters. He says: ‘Jesus Christ, being God, is the one who has instituted these heroic struggles. Moreover, Jesus enters the fray alongside the athletes, fighting for their freedom’.

The truly great athletes are, in life, the most humble, for they go unnoticed. In every country they have lived—and continue to live—as heroic, unknown soldiers; no one knows of them, and they die in silence. As time passes, quietly, their thoughts seep into the masses and find sincere expression in certain ardent and vigorous fighters who make their doctrines known. These do not seek fame; they abandon

their ideas to the world, for they seek nothing for themselves. They do not found schools, nor systems bearing their name, as this is contrary to their nature. They are beings who do not like to make a fuss; yet they melt with love for others. They have so completely lost the sense of their individuality that all that remains to them is love for the divine. These great men remain silent; for they know the power of thought. They know that, even if they shut themselves away in a cave and block up the entrance, if they manage to possess five true ideas—these five ideas firmly fixed in their minds—they will live eternally. Indeed, these ideas will pierce through mountains, cross oceans, travel throughout the world, penetrate the depths of souls, stimulate minds, and give rise to famous men and women who will provide the practical means for these ideas or truths to be known, so that they may be preached upon the earth and bring about the greatest good for humanity. The Masters who work spiritually without the intervention of the body project their thoughts and their power of work over great distances, without constraint or fanaticism. Men of great intellect work freely for the sake of freedom; they act as masters and not as slaves who produce nothing. Selfish work is the product of a slave. Every person must know their own ideal and strive to realise it; this is a sure path to evolution and fruitful action.

Now then, dear reader, please forgive any shortcomings you may find in this labour-intensive work. The layout of the of this work, begun in the year i9 30, I have, with great effort, managed to present it in an illustrative form so that it may be read and appreciated. All work is in vain if there is no mental strength to publish it. How many times have I asked myself: 'What am I going to do? If I write something, what will be said of me? What will I achieve?'

True values or nonsense? . All these questions would have been pointless had the fear *of what others might say* curtailed my good intentions, or had I backed down at the very threshold of these daring endeavours. With firm resolve, I said to myself:

|I must do it! Emboldened by this firm resolve, I have torn away the veil of 'Jir', the Mother of Nature, whose fullness of life is like the immense Ocean which, in its dark depths, guards the precious pearls hidden from uninitiated eyes.

Just as darkness is dispelled by the light of a flash of lightning, so too, under the sparkling light of my 'spiritual eye', did I perceive the clear and luminous truth, across a misty sea without shores, with no horizon but misery and despair. The journey has been long and stormy; but at last, I have reached a safe harbour, the ideal refuge of the blessed, where fresh, crystal-clear water is given to drink, quenching the insatiable thirst for wisdom in those who seek only the 'Source' itself of 'Light and Truth' or the Primordial Fire of Life.

X

FIRES

'Fire' is 'AETHER' in its purest form; it is not regarded as matter. It is the unity of the AETHER, the second manifested divinity—in its universality—and it covers the entire infinite space like an exceedingly subtle, brilliant veil. There are two 'FIRES' that are clearly distinct from one another. The first is the 'Fire' that is not known everywhere, for it is formless and invisible to the physical eye, hidden within the Central Spiritual Sun, where it exists in three metaphysical or *non-dual* manifestations.

The second 'Fire of the Cosmos' is known by the name '*Septenary'* throughout the universe and in our solar system. The souls that have freed themselves from the influence of their karma or destinies, having consumed all actions provoked by their sinful desires on the plane of illusions or worldly pleasures, whilst their will

strengthened by the 'Fire of Knowledge' through innumerable tempting trials; these souls are called 'Fires'. The 'Children of Fire' appear as celestial beings within the Hierarchies of the 'Flames'. Among them are the *'Piiris'*—Lunar Deities, our ancestors on Earth, for they reincarnated on our planet and bestowed their minds to earthly men who lacked that precious and divine principle.

The *'Kumdras'* (the seven mystical sages) are solar deities; although they are Pitris, they work as the *'Formers of the Divine Principles of the Inner Man'*. These 'Sons of Fire' were the first 'Divine Beings', called 'MINDS', emerging directly from **the 'PRIMORDIAL FIRE'.**

The 'Lipis' are the Spirits who, from the 'passive Universal Mind', project divine thought onto the ideal plan of the universe, upon which the 'Builders' reconstruct the Cosmos after each Period of dissolution. These sublime Divine Beings are the 'Scribes' in the Eternal Annals. The 'Lipika' are the spirits of the universe, whilst the 'Builders' are regarded as our own planetary deities. The Lipika must not be confused with the four living creatures of Ezekiel's vision ('which resemble a man'), and are called by Bible translators 'Cherubim', 'Seraphim', etc.; and in the Hindu pantheon, esotericists designate them by the names 'Winged Globes' and 'Flaming Wheels'. All these Gandharvas—the 'Melodious Singers', the 'Asuras', 'Kumaras' and 'Nagās'—are those who, in the allegorical description, constitute the 'Four Maharajahs'.

The four divine Devas, each residing at one of the four cardinal points, are the "Rulers"—Angels of colossal stature—who masterfully govern all the cosmic forces of the North, South, East and West. Each of these beautiful celestial beings possesses inconceivable powers and indefinable occult properties, for they are connected to the karma of the planets, whose physical and natural laws favour and direct the

formidable currents of the winds, which exert their malevolent or beneficial influences upon in general and on all things and living beings. Nothing escapes their marvellous influences! It is in this way that, under the direction of karmic influences from the North, public calamities, epidemics, evils of all kinds, wars and innumerable disturbances arrive—as punishment or reactions to the wicked deeds of selfish, demon-possessed men. From the East come beneficial winds, like a blessing from the Divine Mother, bringing the glory and 'grace' of God to all, according to Ezekiel. But Jeremiah, Isaiah and the Psalmist attribute to the North and the West the two gateways through which evil enters, which, unfortunately, spreads so prolifically amongst mankind. That is the reason—says Saint Ambrose —that we curse the north wind, and the reason why, during the baptismal ceremony, we begin by turning towards the (sidereal) West to renounce all the more material goods, ephemeral gifts and satanic protections of the one who dwells there, lying in wait for mankind and plunging them into all manner of suffering. After which we turn towards the East to receive the beneficent angelic and solar influences.

The Great Spirits known *as the 'Regentes'* of the four cardinal points are gods; they carry out difficult and delicate missions, the divine importance of which no one realises. Saint Augustine calls them 'Virtues', 'Angels' and 'Spirits', in accordance with the pagan gods... Plato designated these same Higher Powers by the name of *'Incorporeal Principles',* assigned a specific mission with the aim of overseeing the cosmic elements in each of the four great divisions of the cosmic world. Furthermore, the esoteric Hindu pantheon also faithfully describes the noble demeanour of the four watchful deities who preside over the four cardinal points. It also mentions the four *'Lo)apdlas',* who are collaborators and 'Supporters, Guardians of the World', assisting the 'Ruling' gods by acting as intermediaries between the four cardinal points.

The ‘Lipika’ spirits are associated with Karma, being its direct ‘Recorders’; their universal symbol in the Sacred Scriptures was a ‘Tree’, signifying a ‘Record’, from which the word ‘Lipika’ is derived, ‘Writers or Scribes’, who record everything that happens in the ‘reflecting ethers’ of the ‘Astral Light’, which permeates the Infinite. The astral light, a subtle and radiant element in Nature, has been given the name ‘Dragon’, the emblem of Sacred Wisdom; that is to say, the ‘Serpent’ that tempted Eve. The ‘dragons or serpents’ represent the guardians who watch over the ‘Trees’ of ‘Paradise’, ‘Eden’, the ‘golden’ Apple Tree of the Hesperides, the ‘Lush Trees’ and the exuberant vegetation of the sacred ‘Mount Meru’, all these beautiful and forbidden places are protected, enclosed by a luminous and unbreakable web of astral fire (OD, OB, AUOR). The Astral **Light** also symbolises

Juno giving herself to Jupiter at their wedding. A tree bearing golden fruit is another way of representing ‘EVA’, offering ‘ADAM’ the apple, the forbidden fruit of the ‘Tree of Sacred Knowledge of Good and Evil’.

Many books could be written about the invisible ‘Rulers’ of nature; but for now, those already mentioned will suffice. Man is unaware of the wonders that surround him and, above all, of his own organic structure and vital functions, which are governed by the angelic solar vibrations. With all these wonders that he possesses within himself, he can become far superior to what he is by nourishing himself on their experiential fruits. He carries within himself an immortal principle that comes and goes, like the ebb and flow of the tides, and his ‘Soul-Thread’ will become conscious when it unites with the Universal Spirit.

But men do not believe; they are Doubting Thomases. If they had faith, they would be better people; they would change their way of living and thinking. They would regard their souls as ‘daughters of heaven’, and their journey through this world of trial would be short and bearable. It sometimes happens that their sen-

These feelings crystallise through excessive ambition, and the '*sea*' captures them with its iron bonds, so that they cease to be a shining star; they become dull and, like 'atoms devoid of divine life', disintegrate in the whirlwind of the coarse elements of matter. There is a little story by Leo Tolstoy, 'The Rich Man and the Poor Man', which is very entertaining and well worth knowing.

'There was a man who, having gone to bed, could not sleep all night. As he lay awake, he said to himself: "Why is life so hard for the poor? And why do the rich hoard so much money?

They have chests full of gold, and yet they deprive themselves of everything just to keep hoarding more. If I were rich, I wouldn't live that way; I'd live well and make sure others didn't have it any worse.

Suddenly he heard a voice saying:

'Do you want to be rich?'

Here is a purse; there is nothing in it but one escudo; but as soon as you take one out, another will replace it. Take out as many escudos as you like and then throw the purse into the river. But before you throw the purse away, do not spend any of the escudos, for the rest will turn to stones.

The poor man was beside himself with joy. When he had calmed down a little, he took care of the gift.

And no sooner had he taken out one escudo than he saw another appear at the bottom of the bag.

'Happiness is mine,' he murmured. 'I'll spend the whole night taking out coins, and tomorrow I'll be rich. Tomorrow I'll throw the bag into the water, and from then on I'll live in comfort.'

But when morning came, he changed his mind.

'If I want to double my fortune,' he told himself, 'I'll have it if I keep my purse for just one more day.'

And he spent that day taking coins out too. The next day, more; the day after that, even more. He couldn't bring himself to part with the bag.

Just then he felt hungry, and he remembered that he had nothing but the odd piece of black bread.

Going out to buy anything else would have been impossible, because although he would have liked to eat, there was no way he was going to part with the purse. So the poor wretch ate that hard, black bread; then he carried on taking out gold. Not even at night did he rest.

A week, a month, a year passed in this way. (Who would have been content with such a vast amount?

. Everyone wants to hoard as much as they can!

The man lives the life of a beggar.

He has forgotten that he wished to live for his own pleasure and that of his

fellow human beings!

From time to time he makes up his mind: to go down to the river to throw the bag away; but he changes his mind, and withdraws at once. Today he is old, sallow, like his gold; yet he cannot bring himself to stop what he is doing.

And so he dies poor, sitting on a bench with the bag

in his hands.

- For good men, who have faith and believe in the mysteries,

, Tolstoy has another amusing little tale that begins like this:

* / *

On an island lived three old hermits. They were so simple that their only prayer was: 'We are three, You are three; have mercy on us.' Great miracles were performed thanks to this simple prayer.

The bishop heard of the monks and their unacceptable prayer, and decided to visit them to teach them the canonical invocations. He arrived on the island and told the hermits that their heavenly petition was inadequate, teaching them many common prayers. The bishop then set sail, satisfied with the generous work he had done to save those three innocent souls, lost in error, but

from the one and only true Christian God. No sooner had he sailed some distance from that solitary island than he saw a radiant light following the ship; and as it drew nearer, he realised that it was the three hermits who, holding hands and walking upon the waves, were making great efforts to reach and climb aboard the ship.

'We have forgotten the prayers you taught us,' they cried out to the bishop as they caught up with him and boarded the vessel, 'and we have come so that you may repeat them to us.' The astonished bishop said to them humbly:

'Continue in holiness, living by your old prayer...' "•''^'-! .

These three saints had found the simplicity of God. United as three by an unshakeable faith, the external formalities of prayer held no meaning for them. Through their intense love for the unity of their souls, they had resolved the problem of the inner life. Their humble souls, submissive to simple and natural laws, had united with the Heavenly Father-Mother

Marconi, the great Italian inventor of wireless telegraphy, acknowledged the inadequacy of science in relation to its aims. "Science's inability to resolve the fact that life is absolute. This fact would certainly be terrifying were it not for faith. The problematic mystery of life is certainly the most persistent of all those in Nature that have been set before the narrow mind of man."

The ancient Vedic Scriptures declare that the physical world operates under the cosmic illusion of 'maya', and that every great scientific discovery of modern times has served to confirm this simple assertion of the rishis (saints).

He who meditates every day purifies himself, and if he perseveres tenaciously, he will become a true devotee who, through perfect meditation, has merged his consciousness with the Creator; he then perceives the cosmic essence as light. Upon reaching that subtle state, there will be no distinction for him between the rays of light that penetrate liquid or solid elements, and he will see the universe as essentially luminous. Without these ecstatic devotees, a deep

knowledge of ancient cosmogonic mythology, they will agree with the ancient alchemical sages who declared that, in the beginning, there existed only 'cold mist' (the Father) and 'fertile slime' (the Mother), from which the World Serpent (Matter) emerged, slithering forth. Primordial Matter is 'a cold, colourless, formless, insipid radiation, devoid of all quality and aspect on its plane, from which it never manifests itself, were it not for its awakening under the generative tremor of the impulsive "Fohat".' It is thus that the 'Primary Centres of Force' or 'Atoms' develop into the great 'Cosmic Elements', now divided into the seventy sub-elements known to science. The four of a primary nature are known by the names: Akashic, Etheric, Aquatic and Igneous. Although they are atomic elements that form supersensible substances, the most active of them imprint their powerful energies upon the plane of matter in its most coarsely differentiated form. These elements are, at the same time, electropositive and electronegative, acting as powerful catalysts in chemical reactions; alchemy gave them other names to distinguish them and was able to,produce great magical phenomena by combining, recombining or, in a certain way, dissociating the 'Elements' through 'Astral Fire' and projecting them out of their magnetic centres. "

Constant and steadfast devotion awakens divine knowledge in man, who can achieve great phenomena by using the 'Sacred Fire' through his will; this fire, in order to act, has hands, *feet,* eyes, heads and mouths everywhere, and ears throughout the universe. It exists within and without all beings; it is animate and inanimate; incomprehensible due to its subtlety; it is far away and yet very close. It becomes visible when it wishes to manifest itself and invisible if it wishes to conceal itself through things. This 'Fire' destroys and generates. It is the Light of lights and lies beyond darkness; it is knowledge and the Goal we all seek.

He who meditates achieves complete success, and his spiritual glorification shall be his reward.

Holiness is the greatest good granted to all
virtuous souls … l

A pure life is harmonious; it comes from on high, which strengthens faith. Faith without meritorious works is dead; and for deeds to bear fruit, they must be blameless, carried out in peace by those who practise justice on earth.

The 'Children of God' are, at present, those who seek the 'Water of Life'. Jesus himself confirmed this, saying: 'No one can come to me unless the Father who sent me draws them' — St John 6:qq.

In the period leading up to the Christian Era, whilst Apollonius of Tyana was travelling in search of the sages of Northern India, he encountered a community of 'sons of light' who lacked nothing, possessed everything, and displayed marvellous powers. Justinian the Martyr witnessed the sacred powers of Apollonius, which he utilised as an adept. The Christian Gnostics appeared at the beginning of the second century, precisely at the time when the Essenes—who had initiated Jesus into the Occult Wisdom—mysteriously disappeared. The spiritual enlightenment of the Neoplatonists, the ecstatic outbursts of the mystics and the samadhi of the Hindus are brought about in exactly the same way. After the principal mysteries had fallen into disuse in Plato's time, the Eastern Esoteric Societies established a kind of Universal Lodge amongst their members. As a result of Emperor Justinian's fanatical persecutions, the last Neoplatonists fled to the East with the six sages: Hermias, Priscian, Diogenes, Eulalius, Damascius and Isidore. From that time onwards, Archaic Wisdom was represented in Europe, in secret, by a few individuals and secret societies, all the great initiates having moved to remote corners of the earth . . During the sixteenth century, the famous physician and alchemist Paracelsus, instructed in the occult sciences by an Eastern adept, travelled throughout the East, and his writings and teachings

esoteric; they come from the Eastern initiates. Swedenborg, too, said: 'Seek *the "Lost Word"* amongst the hierophants of Tartary and Tibet.'

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I shall always fondly remember this unforgettable meeting I had with Lahiri Mahasaya and Babaji, when the three of us gathered on a designated day, at a designated hour and in a designated place for such a great spiritual event, with nothing able to thwart the plan that has been laid down, which in due course and with the utmost rigour shall be fulfilled, as the Lord so wills it to be. If my soul has been chosen by Babaji to fulfil a certain mission, it will be for me as though I had received the breath of spring to hasten the blossoming of my spirit, embellishing it even further with the great human destinies ordained by God.

Spiritual beauty possesses many charms and admirable manifestations when union with the Divine is established. Then there comes an increase in heavenly beauty, like a gallant tribute paid by Nature to her favourite children, all endowed with lucid reason and a vigorous will to control and master overwhelming powers, without perpetual anxieties or the delightful constrictions caused by consuming passions.

With such consummate, superhuman beauty, one reaches the culmination of the highest ideals; and with that platonic delight comes the seal of innocence, tinged with the fresh dew of that enchanting morning called childhood, haloed with the radiance of the virginal light of the purity of angels—without malice or imagination that clouds the clarity of the soul.

One must not be like Saint Teresa in the account of her childhood, when she and her little brother devised a plan to go to the land of

the infidels so that their heads might be cut off. María and Luisito set out one morning across those arid lands, determined not to stop until God brought them a couple of Moors who would quarter them. After walking a short distance, they fell asleep in the shelter of a rock, and there the Creator of all things, Almighty God, kissed them and handed them over to the Civil Guard. Once the pair had been picked up, they were soon taken home, safe and sound

Now I shall speak of a supreme beauty.

Spiritual beauty is incomparable!

There is nothing more beautiful than Babaji's Christ-body. Anyone who encounters it astrally cannot help but be its admirer and acknowledge that the Beauty of God and that of His Justice are not at odds. Such is the relationship that exists between God and Babaji!

'Babaji's mission in India is divine,' says Paramhan-za Yogananda in his work *Autobiography of a Modern Yogi*; Chapter XXXIII, p. 9*

'The Himalayan gorges near Badtinarayam,
are still blessed by the living presence of Babaji, the guru of Lahiri Mahasaya (1820–1895). The reclusive master has retained his physical form for centuries, perhaps for millennia. The immortal Babaji is an 'avatara'. In Sanskrit, this means 'to descend': its roots are 'ara', meaning 'low' or 'below', and 'tri', meaning 'to pass'. In the Hindu scriptures, 'avatara' signifies the descent of the Divine into the physical body.

'Babaji's spiritual state is far beyond all human comprehension,' Sri Yukteswar explained to me. 'Man's feeble vision cannot penetrate his transcendental star. One tries in vain even to imagine the scope of an avatar. But it is inconceivable.'

"The Upanishads have meticulously classified every stage or step of spiritual development. A 'siddha' (a perfected being) has progressed from the state of 'jivan mukta' (liberated whilst living) to that of a 'paramukta' (supremely liberated, with complete power over death): the latter has completely escaped the bondage of the magical cycle of reincarnation.

The 'paramukta', therefore, rarely returns to a physical body; if he does, then he is an 'avatar', a vessel chosen by the divinity to bestow supreme blessings upon the world.

'An avatar is not subject to the universal economy; his pure body, visible *as* an image of light, is free from any karmic debt to nature; a superficial glance will notice nothing extraordinary in the form of an avatar, yet he casts no shadow, nor leaves footprints on the ground as he walks. These are symbolic external signs of the inner absence of

darkness and material bonds. Only one of these divine beings knows the truth that lies behind the relativities of life and death.

"Babaji's mission in India has been to help the

prophets to carry out what has been entrusted to them. Thus, he may be described as what the scriptures call a 'Mahavatar' (Great Avatar). He has stated that it was he who initiated Shankara, the ancient founder of the Order of the Swamis, and Kabir (i), the famous medieval saint, into yoga. And his principal:

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(1) Kabir was a great saint of the sixteenth century, and his followers were both Hindus and Muslims. When the saint's death drew near, his disciples began to quarrel and argue over how the funeral ceremony should be conducted. The exasperated Master rose from his deathbed and gave the necessary instructions to his disciples. 'Half of my remains shall be buried in accordance with Muslim rituals,' he told them, 'and the other half shall be cremated in accordance with Hindu rites.' He then vanished. When the disciples opened the coffin containing his remains, they found nothing but a bouquet of golden sampai flowers. Half of these flowers were obediently buried by the Muslims, who to this day pay their respects at the niche that still stands at the site of the events. When Kebir was young, many disciples came to him; one day, two of them asked the Master for detailed intellectual information concerning the mystical path. The Master replied simply:

"The path presupposes distance;
If He is near, no path is required; And this makes
me laugh;
To hear that a fish in the water is thirsty."

Kabir, like Jesus, performed many miracles in his lifetime, utilising atomic vibrations (Kala), that is, 'the unit of time it takes for an atom to traverse its own unit of space'; a disciple in the nineteenth century was, as we already know, Lahiri Mahasaya, the reviver of the almost lost art of Kriya Yoga.

"The Mahavatar is in constant communication with Christ; together, they send forth their vibrations of redemption and have planned the spiritual technique of salvation for this age. The work of these two great and enlightened masters—one with a physical body and the other without—is to inspire nations to banish suicidal wars, racial hatred, religious sectarianism and the boomerang-like evils of materialism. Babaji is fully aware of the trends of modern times, especially the influences and complexities of Western civilisation, and meets the need to spread self-realisation through Yoga, both in the West and in the East (fixing the gaze on the space between the eyebrows).

"The fact that there are no historical references to Babaji should come as no surprise to us. The great guru (Master) has never made a conspicuous appearance in any century; the deceptive glamour of publicity has no place in his age-old plans. Like the Creator, the sole yet silent Power, Babaji works in obscure humility.

The great Prophets, such as Christ and Krishna, came to earth for a specific and spectacular purpose and departed once it had been fulfilled. Other avatars, such as Babaji, undertake certain tasks more closely related to the slow evolutionary progress of humankind over the centuries than to any single outstanding event in history. Such masters always elude the crude gaze of the masses, possessing the power to render themselves invisible at will—

For these reasons, and because they generally instruct their disciples to remain silent about them, a number of great spiritual figures remain unknown to the world. I simply wish to offer, in these pages, some insights into Babaji's life: just a few facts which he has deemed appropriate to serve as encouragement and assistance.

'No concrete details have been discovered regarding Babaji's family or place of birth—details so dear to the biographer. Babaji generally speaks Hindi, but can converse with ease in any other language. He has adopted the simple name of Babaji' (revered father); other titles of respect bestowed upon him by the disciples of Lahiri Mahasaya are: Mahamuni Babaji Maharaj (supreme ecstatic saint); Maha Yogi (the greatest of yogis); Trambak Baba and Shiva Baba (titles of avatars of Shiva). Does it really matter that we do not know the given name of a master who has renounced the world? 'Wherever anyone reverently utters the name of Babaji,' Lahiri Mahasaya used to say, 'the devotee attracts an instant spiritual blessing'.

"The immortal guru shows no signs of age in his body; he appears to be no older than a young man of twenty-five. He has a fair complexion and is of medium height and build. Babaji's beautiful, strong body radiates a perceptible glow. His eyes are dark, gentle and serene; his long, lustrous hair is auburn. A most remarkable fact is that Babaji bears an exact resemblance to his disciple Lahiri Mahasaya. The likeness is so striking that, in his later years, Lahiri Mahasaya could have passed for his father, such is the youthful appearance that Babaji retains.

"Swami Kebalananda, my holy Sanskrit teacher, spent some time with Babaji in the Himalayas.

"The incomparable master travels with his group from one place to another in the mountains," Kebalananda told me. "His small group includes two gifted American disciples. De-

So, when Babaji has been in a certain place for some time, he says: 'DERA DANDA UTHAO' (let us lift our camp and our staff). He carries with him the symbolic danda (bamboo staff). His words are the signal he gives to the group to set off instantly for another place. He does not always use the method of astral travel; sometimes he walks on foot from peak to peak in the mountains.

"Babaji can be seen or recognised by others only when he so wishes. He is known to have appeared in many forms—though the variations are slight—to many devotees, sometimes with a beard and moustache, and at other times without them. As his body is incorruptible and requires no food, the master very rarely eats. As a courtesy when visiting a disciple, he occasionally accepts fruit or rice cooked with milk and ghee.

"Two astonishing incidents from Babaji's life are known to me," Kebalananda went on to tell me, "One night, his disciples were sitting around a large fire that was burning for the celebration of a sacred Vedic ceremony. The master quickly grabbed a burning log and lightly tapped the shoulder of a chela standing near the fire.

—"Sir, how cruel!" — It was Lahiri Mahasaya, who was present, who intervened.

—"What, (do you prefer to see him burn to ashes before your very eyes, in accordance with the decree of his past karma?)

"With that, Babaji placed his miraculous hand upon the chela's disfigured shoulder.

—"Today I have spared you a painful death. The law of Karma has been satisfied by the slight suffering you have endured from the fire.

"On another occasion, Babaji's sacred group was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. He had scaled the almost inaccessible mountain passes near the Master's camp with unprecedented skill and daring.

—"Sir, you must be the Great Babaji." —The man's face shone with inexpressible reverence.— "For months I have

pursued an unceasing quest through these inaccessible cliffs. I implore you to accept me as your disciple.

"As the Great Guru made no move to reply, the man, pointing to the precipice that opened up at his feet, said:

—"If you reject me, I shall throw myself off this mountain. Life will hold no value for me if I cannot obtain your guidance to attain Divinity.

—"Then jump," said Babaji, unperturbed. "I cannot accept you in your present state of spiritual development.

The man threw himself into the abyss immediately. Babaji instructed his astonished disciples to retrieve the man's body. When they returned with the mangled corpse, the master placed his divine hand upon the body and the miracle took place; the stranger opened his eyes and humbly prostrated himself at the *feet* of the omnipotent one.

—"Now you are ready for your training," said Babaji, smiling at his resurrected chela. "You have bravely passed the difficult test. Death will never touch you again; you are now one of the immortals of our flock." Then he uttered his customary parting words: 'DERA DANDA UTHAO'. The whole group vanished from the mountains."

"An avatar dwells in the Omnipotent Spirit; for him, the inverse of the square does not exist. There is but one reason why Babaji might maintain his physical form from century to century: the desire to offer humanity a concrete example of its own potential. If man were never granted a glimpse of the Divine incarnate, he would remain forever bound to the heavy illusion of Maya and would think that he could never transcend to immortality.

"Jesus knew from the very beginning the course of his life; he went through every event, not for his own sake nor to settle any karmic debt, but solely for the upliftment of reflective human beings. His four chroniclers and disciples: Matthew, Mar-

cos, Luke and John, wrote down this ineffable drama for the benefit of Bfuture generations.

"Likewise, for Babaji, the relativity of the
past, present and future; from the very beginning, he has known and understood all the phases of his life. However, accommodating himself to man's limited understanding, he has carried out many acts of his divine life in the presence of one or more witnesses. In this way, it was possible for a disciple of Lahiri Mahasaya to be present when Babaji deemed that the time had come for him to proclaim the possibilities of physical immortality. He made this promise in the presence of Ram Gopal Musumdar, so that it might ultimately be known and serve as an inspiration to other hearts seeking the truth. The great ones speak and intervene in the natural course of events solely for the benefit of mankind, as Christ said: 'Father, I know that you have always heard me; but because of the people standing here, I said this, so that they may believe that you have sent me' – John 12:22.

'During my visit to Banbajpur with Ram Gopal, "the saint who never sleeps", and seeing that he had not paid his respects at the hermitage of Tarakeswar, he told me the astonishing story of his first encounter with Babaji.

"Sometimes I would leave my solitary cave to go and sit at the feet of Lahiri Mahasaya in Benares," Ram Gopal told me. "One night, whilst I was meditating with a group of his disciples, the Master made a surprising request of me.

'Ram Gopal,' he said to me, 'go immediately to the ghat at Dasasamedh ghat."

"I soon reached the secluded spot. The night was very bright, thanks to the light of the moon and the stars. After I had sat in patient silence for some time, my attention was drawn to a large slab, situated near my feet. Slowly, as the stone continued to sway inexplicably, the figure of a beautiful, gentle woman 'levitated' from the cave to a certain height in the air. Surrounded by a faint halo, she descended

she descended slowly before me and remained motionless, lost in a state of deep ecstasy. At last she moved and spoke softly.

—"I am Mataji, 'The Holy Mother', the sister of Babaji (who has lived for centuries, in ecstasy, in a hidden underground cave near Desasamedh). I have asked him and Lahiri Mahasaya to come to my cave tonight to discuss a matter of great importance.

"A hazy light was seen floating rapidly over the Ganges; the strange luminosity was reflected upon the murky waters. It drew nearer and nearer, until, with a dazzling flash, it appeared beside Mataji and instantly condensed into the human form of Lahiri Mahasaya. He prostrated himself humbly at the feet of the holy woman.

"Before I had recovered from my astonishment, I was once again marvelled at the sight of a circular mass of mystical light travelling across the sky. Descending rapidly, the flaming whirlwind approached our group and materialised into the body of a handsome young man, who, as I naturally realised, was Babaji. He resembled Lahiri Mahasaya; the only difference was that Babaji appeared much younger, and had long, shining hair.

"Lahiri Mahasaya, Mataji and I knelt at the guru's feet. A sensation of blissful glory stirred every fibre of my being as I touched his divine flesh.

—"Blessed sister," said Babaji, "I am thinking of abandoning my form and immersing myself in the Infinite Current.

—"I had already glimpsed your plan, dear master. And I wish to discuss it with you tonight. Why do you wish to leave your body?

—"The glorious woman looked at him with an imploring gesture.

—"What difference does it make whether I use a visible wave or an invisible one in the ocean of my Spirit?"

"Mataji replied with a rare flash of wit.

—"Immortal guru, if there is no difference, then please never abandon your form.

—"So be it," said Babaji solemnly, "I shall never leave my physical body. I shall always remain visible, at least to a small group of people in this world. The Lord has expressed His wishes through your lips."

"As I listened, filled with awe, to the conversation between these exalted beings, the great guru turned to me with a benevolent gesture.

—"Fear not, Ram Gopal," he said to me; "it has been a blessing for you to witness the scene of this immortal promise."

"As Babaji's sweet, melodious voice faded away, his form and that of Lahiri Mahasaya rose slowly, returning across the Ganges. A halo of dazzling light enveloped their bodies as they vanished into the night sky. Mataji's form floated towards the cave and descended; the stone slab closed the entrance, as if operated by some mechanism.

"Deeply moved, I set off on my way back to Lahiri Mahasaya's home. When I bowed before him at daybreak, my master smiled at me with understanding.

'I am glad for you, Ram Gopal,' he said to me. 'The desire you have so often expressed to me to meet Babaji and Mataji has finally been divinely fulfilled.

—"My fellow disciples informed me that Lahiri Mahasaya had not moved from his side since the early hours of the previous night.

—"He gave us a marvellous discourse on immortality
after you had left for the Desasamedh ghat,' one of the chelas told me. For the first time, I fully realised the truth of the verses in the scriptures, according to which a man who has attained perfection through the practice of purifying virtues may, through self-realisation, appear in different places at the same time, in two or more bodies (astral vehicles) simultaneously.

—"Lahiri Mahasaya later explained to me many metaphysical points concerning the secret divine plan intended for this earth," Ram Gopal concluded, "Babaji has been chosen—

by God to remain in his body for the duration of this particular world cycle. Ages come and go; yet the immortal Master who contemplates the drama of the centuries will always be present on this earthly stage, effectively assisting the Eastern Masters and their gifted American disciples.

—"Master, did you know Babaji?"

"It was a quiet summer's night in Ramapuram, and I was sitting beside Sri Yukteswar on the second-floor balcony of the hermitage, whilst the great stars of the tropics shone overhead.

—"Yes." My Master smiled at my direct question; his eyes sparkled with reverence. "Three times have I been blessed by the sight of the immortal Guru. Our first meeting took place in Allahabad, at the *Kumbha* Mela."

The religious fairs that have been held in India since time immemorial are known as the *Kumbha Melas;* these festivities still preserve spiritual goals in full view of the crowds. Hindu devotees gather every six years, by the millions, to meet thousands of sadhus, yogis, swamis and ascetics of all kinds. Many are hermits who have never left their secluded and hidden retreats, except to attend the *melas* and bestow their blessings upon ordinary men and women.

'I was not a swami at the time I met Babaji,'

," my master continued. "But I had already received initiation into Kriya from Lahiri Mahasaya. He encouraged me to attend the gathering

that was to be held in January 189‹, in Allahabad. It was the first time I had attended a *Kumbh;* I felt somewhat dizzy

by the clamour and the joy of the crowd. Despite the searching glances I cast in all directions, I did not spot the radiant face of a single master. As I crossed a bridge over the

Ganges, I noticed an acquaintance standing not far away with his alms bowl held out.

"Oh, this fair is nothing but a chaotic jumble of noise and beggars ," I thought with disappointment. "Perhaps Western scientists, who so patiently expand the realm of their knowledge for the practical good of humanity, will be more pleasing to God than these people who profess religion but focus on alms.

"My scathing reflections on social reform were interrupted by the voice of a tall sannyasi, who stopped right in front of me.

—"Sir," he said to me, "a saint is calling you."

—"Who is he?"

—"Come and see for yourself."

"—Somewhat hesitantly, I followed the laconic messenger and soon found myself near a tree whose branches cast shade over a guru and his charming group of disciples. The guru, a man of exceptional, radiant presence, had dark, sparkling eyes; he rose to his feet upon my arrival and embraced me.

—"Welcome, Swamiji," he said affectionately.

—"Sir," I replied emphatically, "I am not a Swami.

—"Those whom the divine designates to be granted the title of 'Swami' never have it taken away from them." The saint addressed me with simplicity, but his words resonated with deep conviction; in an instant I found myself enveloped in a wave of blessing. Smiling at my sudden elevation to the ancient monastic order of the Swamis of Bodh Gaya, I bowed reverently before that angelic and great being in human form who had honoured me in this way.

"Babaji"—for it was he—urged me to sit beside him under the tree. He was strong and young and bore a striking resemblance to Lahiri Mahasaya; yet that resemblance did not surprise me, even though I had often heard of the extraordinary likeness between the two masters. Babaji possesses a power by which he can prevent a certain thought from arising in a

person. No doubt the great guru wanted me to be perfectly at ease in his presence, and not to be too surprised to learn who he was.

—"What do you think of the Kumbha Mela?"

—"I have been greatly disillusioned, Sir," I said—and then I quickly added: "Until I met you, it seemed to me that saints and this chaos were not things that should go together."

—"My son," said the master, even though I was apparently twice his age, "do not judge the whole by the faults of the many. All things on earth are of a mixed nature, like a mixture of sugar and sand. Be like the wise ant, which picks out only the grains of sugar without touching the grains of sand. Even though many of the sadhus here are still adrift in illusion, the mela is blessed by a few men who have attained realisation in God.

"In view of my own encounter with a great and exalted master, I quickly agreed with his observation.

—"Sir," I said, "I have been thinking of the scientists of the West; they are far more intelligent than most of the people gathered here, even though they live in distant Europe and America and profess different faiths, yet they are unaware of the true value of 'melas', such as this one. These are men who could benefit greatly if they were to engage with the masters of India. But although they are highly gifted intellectually, many Westerners are bound by their pure materialism. Others, renowned in science and philosophy, fail to recognise the essential unity of religion. Their creeds are like insurmountable barriers that threaten to separate us from them forever.

'I see that you are as interested in the West as you are in the East,' said Dahaji, his face lighting up with approval; 'I feel the anguish in your heart with the same depth for all men, whether they be from the East or the West. It is…'

esto que te he hecho venir aquí.

"The East and the West must establish a true 'golden path' combining activity and spirituality," he continued. "India has much to learn from the West in terms of material development; in turn, India can teach the universal methods by which the West can ground its religious beliefs on the unshakeable foundation of the science of yoga.

"You, Swami, must play your part in achieving future harmony between East and West. In a few years' time, I shall send you a disciple in yoga to spread this teaching in the West. The vibrations of many souls there, who are spiritually seeking this, reach me. I perceive potential saints in America and Europe who are simply waiting to be awakened."

"At this point in his account, Sri Yukteswar turned towards me, looking directly at me.

—"My son," he continued, smiling in the moonlight, "you—as yoga dictates—are the disciple whom Babaji promised to send to me years ago.

"I was delighted to learn that Babaji had guided my steps towards Sri Yukteswar; nevertheless, it was very difficult for me to envisage myself in the distant West, far from my beloved master and the simple, peaceful tranquillity of the hermitage.

—"Babaji then spoke to me about the Bhagavad Gita," continued Sri Yukteswar. "To my surprise, Babaji indicated, through a few compliments, that he knew I had written commentaries on several chapters of the Gita.

"'At my request, Swami, please take on another task,'
'—the great master said to me—'Did you not wish to write a short book setting out the fundamental principles of unity between the Christian and Hindu Scriptures? Show in it, through parallel references, that the inspired children of God have spoken of the same truth, now obscured by the sectarian differences of men.

—"Maharaji ('Great King', a title of respect)," he replied timidly, "Will I be able to fulfil this request?"

"Babaji laughed gently.

—"Why do you hesitate, my son?" he said resolutely. "In truth, tell me, whose work is all this, and who is the Doer of all actions? Everything that the Lord has made me say must be realised in truth."

"I then felt empowered, thanks to the saint's blessings, and agreed to write the book. Feeling sad that the time of my departure was drawing near, I rose from my seat.

—"Do you know Lahiri?" the Master asked me. "He is a great soul, isn't he? Tell him about our meeting." He then gave me a message for Lahiri Mahasaya.

"After I had bowed in farewell, the saint smiled at me with great kindness.

—"When your book is finished, I shall see you again," he promised me. "For now, farewell."

"The next day I left Allahabad, then took the train to Benares. When I arrived at my Master's house, I told him the whole story of what had happened with that marvellous saint at the Kumbh Mela.

—"Oh, (and you didn't recognise him?" Lahiri Mahasaya asked me, laughter dancing in his eyes. "Ah, I see you couldn't, because he prevented you from doing so. He is my incomparable guru, the celestial Babaji."

—"Babaji!" I repeated in amazement. "The Christ-Yogi Babaji! The invisible-visible saviour Babaji!" "Oh, if only I could turn back time to be once more in his presence and show my devotion at his holy lotus feet..."

—"It doesn't matter," Lahiri Mahasaya told me, consoling me. 'He has promised that he would see you again.'

—"Gurudeya, the divine Master gave me a message for you. 'Tell Lahiri,' he said, 'that the power stored for this life is already running low; it is almost —running out.'"

"As he uttered these words, which were enigmatic to me, Lahiri Mahasaya's body trembled as if struck by an electric current. In an instant, everything around him was enveloped in absolute silence; his usually smiling countenance became incredibly austere. Like a wooden statue, sombre and immovable in his seat, his body lost all its colour. I was alarmed and astonished. Never in my life had I seen this ever-joyful soul display such severe gravity. The other disciples present were also taken aback.

"Three hours passed in complete silence. Then Lahiri Mahasaya resumed his natural, cheerful manner and spoke affectionately to each of us chelas. We all breathed a huge sigh of relief.

I realised, from my Master's reaction upon hearing Babaji's message, that this had been an unmistakable sign, through which Lahiri Mahasaya understood that his body would soon be vacated. His eerie silence proved that my Master had instantly brought his being under control, severing the last thread of attachment to the material world, and soaring towards his ever-existing identity with the Spirit. Babaji's remark meant: 'I shall always be with you'.

"Even though Babaji and Lahiri Mahasaya were omniscient and had no need to communicate through me or any other intermediary, the great masters often deign to take part in the human drama. From time to time they convey their prophecies through ordinary messengers, so that their words may inspire greater faith amongst the wider human circle that later learns of the story.

—"As soon as I left Benares, I set to work in Serampore on the project concerning the Scriptures that Babaji had asked me to undertake," Sri Yukteswar continued. "No sooner had I begun my work than I was able to compose a poem dedicated to the immortal guru. The melodious lines flowed effortlessly from my pen, even though I had never before attempted to write Sanskrit poetry.

"In the stillness of the night I set about comparing the Bible with the Scriptures of Sanatan Dharma *(eternal religion,* the name given to the body of Vedic teachings).

"Quoting the words of Lord Jesus, I showed that his teachings were, in essence, the same as those of the Vedas. To my relief, the book was soon completed; and I then realised that this swift completion was due to the blessing of my Param-Guru Mahara (supreme master). The chapters first appeared in the newspaper *Sadhusambad*; later they were privately printed in book form by one of my disciples from Kidderpore.

'The morning after I had completed my literary endeavour,' my master told me, 'I went to Rai Ghat to bathe in the Ganges. The ghat was deserted, and there I remained quietly for a while, enjoying the ineffable peace of that sun-drenched spot. After my dip in the *river,* I set off back home. The only sound to be heard amidst that silence was the squelching of my soaked clothes with every step I took. As I passed in front of a banana tree near the riverbank, a strong impulse made me turn back. There, in the shade of a tree and surrounded by a few disciples, sat Babaji.

—"Greetings, Swami Ji!" The Master's beautiful voice rang in my ears, proving that I was not dreaming. "I see you have successfully completed your book. As I promised, I am here to thank you."

"With my heart beating faster, I prostrated myself before him

—"Param Guruji (Supreme Master)," I said, imploringly. "Would you and your chelas not honour my home, nearby, with your presence?"

"The supreme guru declined my invitation, smiling.

—"No, my son, we are people who love the shelter of the trees more; this spot is quite comfortable."

—“Please wait a moment, Master,” I said, looking at him imploringly; “I’ll be back in a moment with some special dried fruit.

When I returned a few minutes later with a platter of sweets—sinas—oh dear!—the banana tree no longer cast its shade over the heavenly troupe. I searched for them in vain around the bathing area, but in my heart I felt that the little procession had vanished, flying away on ethereal wings.

“I felt deeply hurt. Even if I do find them again, I won’t speak to them,” I told myself. “It was inconsiderate of him to abandon me so suddenly.” This was, of course, a fit of love and nothing more.

“A few months later, I was visiting Lahiri Mahasaya in Benares. As I entered his little sitting room, my guru smiled and greeted me.

—“Welcome, Sri Yukteswar,” he said. “Didn’t you come across Babaji on your way in? He’s just left here.”

—“No, I didn’t see him,” I replied, surprised.

—“Come here,” Lahiri Mahasaya said, touching my forehead lightly; immediately I beheld Babaji near the door, beautiful and pure as a lotus.

“Then I remembered my old resentment, and did not bow to him. Lahiri Mahasaya looked at me, surprised.

‘The divine guru looked at me with his beautiful, unfathomable eyes.

—“What! Are you angry with me?”

—“Sir, how could I not be!” I replied. “You descended from the air with your magical retinue, and in the subtle air you vanished once more.”

—“I had told you that I would see you again, but I did not say ‘how long I would stay with you.’ Babaji smiled gently. ‘You were agitated, and I can assure you that I had almost vanished into the ether because of the gusts of your restlessness.’

“I was instantly satisfied with this far from flattering explanation. He made me kneel at his feet and the supreme guru gave me a gentle pat on the shoulder.

—"Son, you must meditate more," he told me. "Your gaze is not yet perfect; you could not see me when I was hiding behind the sun's rays." With these words, as if to the sound of a celestial flute, Babaji vanished into the hidden radiance. "—That was one of my last visits to my guru in Benares," concluded Sri Yukteswar. "Just as Babaji had foretold at the Kumbha Mela, Lahiri Mahasaya's incarnation as head of the household was drawing to a close. During the summer of 1895, a small carbuncle developed on his sacred body, on his back. He did not want it removed; surely the bad karma of one of his disciples was being worked out in his own body. Finally, some of his chelas pressed him too hard, and the master replied enigmatically:

—"The body must find something to dissolve itself through; but very well, I am content with whatever you wish to be done." Shortly afterwards, the incomparable guru shed his body in Benares. I no longer need to go and seek him out in his little room, for I find every day of my life blessed by his omnipresent guidance.

"Years later, from the lips of Swami Keshabananda, an advanced disciple, I learnt many marvellous details about Lahiri Mahasaya's passing.

—"A few days before my guru left his body," Keshabananda told me, "he materialised before my very eyes whilst I was sitting in my hermitage in Haddwar.

—"Come to Benares at once." After these words, Lahiri Mahasaya vanished.

"I immediately took the train to Benares. At my guru's house, I found many disciples gathered together. For hours on that very day, 6 September 19*es, the master explained the Gita wonderfully and then told us simply:

—"I am going home.

"Sobs of anguish burst forth from every breast—like an irresistible torrent.

—"Calm yourselves, I shall return." Having said this, Lahiri Mahasaya turned his body in a circle three times, and facing north, in the lotus posture, he gloriously entered the final maha-samadhi. (z) .

"And the beautiful body of Lahiri Mahasaya, so dear to his devotees, was cremated on the third day, with the solemn rites performed for household yogis, at Marikarnila Ghat, on the banks of the holy river Ganges," continued Keshabananda. The day after the cremation, at ten o'clock in the morning, whilst I was still in Benares, my room was flooded with a great light; before me, in the flesh, stood Lahiri Mahasaya. He looked exactly the same as in his previous body; he merely seemed a little younger and more radiant. My divine guru spoke to me:

—"Keshabananda," he said to me, "it is I. From the disintegrated atoms of my incinerated body, I have been reborn in a new form. My work as a man of the household in this world has come to an end; but I am not leaving the earth entirely. From now on, I shall spend some time with BABAJI in the Himalayas, and with BABAJI in the cosmos (in his ocean of sunlight).

"With a few words of blessing for me, the transcendental master vanished. A beautiful and marvellous inspiration filled my body, and I was lifted up in Spirit, just as the disciples of Christ and Kabir were when they saw their living gurus after their deaths.

—"When I returned to my secluded hermitage at Hardivar," Keshabananda continued, "I took with me the sacred ashes of my master. I knew that he had escaped from the prison of space and time; the bird of omnipresence is free. Without further ado—

(2) "With the face turned towards the garden, and making three small turns of the body in a circle"—this refers to the Vedic rites, of which these movements and actions form part; they are employed by the masters, who know in advance when their final hour has come and must relinquish the body. The final meditation, during which the master merges with the cosmic Breath, whilst keeping his gaze fixed, concentrated between the eyes or on the space between the eyebrows. This is what is called 'ma ha-samadhi' or 'great samadhi', which the souls use to depart for the Hereafter, to enjoy eternal bliss.

However, it comforted my heart to see his holy remains preserved in a niche.

"Another disciple who was blessed by a visit from his resurrected master was the saint Panchanon (3), Bhatkacharya, founder of the Arya Mission Institute in Calcutta.

"I visited Panchanon at his home in Calcutta and listened with delight to his accounts of his many years with the Master. Finally, he recounted to me the most marvellous event of his life:

—"Here in Calcutta," Panchanon told me, "at ten o'clock in the morning, the day after his cremation, Lahiri Mahasaya appeared to me here in all his living glory.

Swami Pranabanda, the 'saint with two bodies', also told me the details of his own supreme experience.

—"A few days before Lahiri Mahasaya left his body," Pranabanda told me, "he came to visit me at my school in Ranchi. I had received a letter from him imploring me to go straight to Benares. However, I was delayed and could not set off immediately. When I was halfway through my travel preparations, at about ten o'clock in the morning, I beheld, to my surprise and filled with joy, the radiant figure of my guru, who had suddenly appeared.

—"Why are you in such a hurry to go to Benares?" Lahiri Mahasaya said to me, smiling. "You will no longer find me there."

When the significance of his words dawned on me, I wept inconsolably, believing that I was seeing him only in a vision.

"The Master came up to me, comforting me:

—"Come now, touch my body," he said. "I am as alive as ever. Do not weep—am I not with you for ever?"

*From the lips of these three great disciples a story of marvellous truths has emerged: at ten o'clock in the morning, on

t3) Panchanon established a garden on a 17-acre plot in Deogarh, Hibar, building a temple containing a statue of Lahiri Mahasaya. Another statue of the great Master has been placed by his disciples in the hall of his home in Benares.

The day after Lahiri Mahasaya's body was consigned to the flames, the Master, having risen from the dead, appeared to each of them in a transfigured body, at the same time and in different cities. The appearance of Lahiri Mahasaya resembles the resurrection of Jesus.

"And when this perishable body has been clothed with imperishability, and this mortal body has been clothed with immortality, then the word written in the Bible will be fulfilled:

'Death is swallowed up in victory! Where,
O death, is your sting?
j Where, O grave, is thy victory! 1 Corinthians, XV, vv. 5–6

Death is the liberation of the soul, which ascends ever higher...!

Swami Yogananda also predicted the day of his death.

Paramhansa Yogananda died in Los Angeles, USA, at the Baltimore Hotel, at 11.30 am on 2 March 1922, during a banquet held in honour of Ambassador Sen of India, after speaking for ten minutes.

XII

LIGHT ON MY PATH

i.—What I am about to recount is so marvellous that unbelievers will be left utterly astounded.

z.—It was Friday, the twenty-ninth of March, nineteen fifty-seven. At twelve noon, the Virgin appeared in the east.

3.—She came towards me, full of grace, like a crowned Queen. From the space where she was seated.

q.—The blue mantle of the world covered her like a shield, her radiant body and part of her bare left foot.

$.—Her gaze wandered over the inhabited earth. But with her left hand, she offered me a crimson rose.

6.—I believed that the Divine Mother's offering alluded to a noble deed I had performed on a blessed day.

y.—Destroying one evil with a good deed, which hinders the path of every ideal.

8.—The following day, still intoxicated by my divine vision, Rrii Bere arrived, accompanied by two other souls, overcome with deep emotion. 9.—'Carlos, Carlos,' she said to me, 'no more foolish experiments; I've come in a hurry. You've had me very worried

io.—'My beloved,' do not be impatient. What happened was merely a minor incident.

i i.—The event itself is no longer of any importance. On the other hand, I have received great benefits I received.

ra.—The Divine Mother granted me her protection, as a reward for my good deed.

i3.—What I'm about to tell you is a long story. But I know it will interest you.

ii. —She replied with keen satisfaction. 'I look forward to your account.'

i$.—On 11 March (ig$2), I fought to save a life. But the Underground Power immediately put up resistance. i6.—As a result of my selfless act, a huge beetle burst forth from hell. black beetle.

i2.—In the form of a terrible demon. Which attacked me with fury.

i8.—Violent and sudden. It moved swiftly and nimbly.

i9.—But there is a primordial law. A contrary and rival force that is fatal.

20.—Against the lesser power that attacked me, another superior neutralised it.

zi.—The invisible clash. It produced something incredible; it became perceptible.

zz.—During the battle, it filled me with admiration, surprise and intense emotion.

23.—From Heaven he came to fight by my side. A Parsifal, with a sword in hand.

2§.—Only the knight's right arm was materialised. The rest of his body was invisible, very ethereal.

z5.—Only his radiant arm moved swiftly. His long, gleaming sword.

z6.—My mysterious protector parried them with mastery. Two deadly thrusts that the devil hurled at me.

zy.—Then my saviour stood before me. I saw only his arm and his sword.

z8.—Thus he was able to nobly shield my exposed chest with his divine shield.

z9 .—Then, his sword spinning like a wheel, one could hear the hard blows being struck.

30.—For a few seconds I waited in anxious anticipation, dazzled by such glorious protection.

3i.——I was almost stunned by such unexpected help... l

32.—Suddenly, the vanquished adversary vanished, along with my invisible protector who had saved my life.

33 .—Only then, alone in the void, did I grasp the meaning of the flower. Which the Divine Mother showed me with tenderness and innocence.

3§.—The arrival of the invisible Caba.Hero was a divine sign. One that descends only from Heaven, to fulfil the command of the Holy Grail.

3s —My beloved Bere, overjoyed, kissed me with great emotion. And on my face, she left the pleasant sensation of her warm breath.

36.—'I depart in peace, my beloved,' she said to me; 'I have suffered. For we return to the abode from whence we came.'

3}.—FAREWELL. . The three of them flew up into the heavens. With their eternal wings, they vanished.

35.—This, reader, which I recount with such joy, shows that I am still with you.

39 —I write this, for it is pleasing to the devout. It brings comfort, to make a new vow.

39 .—It gives courage to every pure soul seeking the surest path.

.—These experiences must be published. For they are sublime and must not be kept silent.

i.—Only the ‘enlightened one’ dares to ward off these dangers. He who possesses the light of Heaven, by which he is protected.

y.—The rest of the people cannot. For they reach as far as they ought to.

43.—If anyone moves within their plane of correspondence. They cannot go beyond that; they encounter *active resistance.

.—The good soul ascends to the heights, by virtue of its goodness and refinement. q$.—The coarse soul is certain to go to Hades to suffer for its baseness.

46.—If souls repent of their wrongdoings, they find peace and joy in their surroundings.

qy.—Holy contrition brings forgiveness.

8.—Which makes one feel the presence of God, the sweet friend; for we carry everything with us.

49.—To him who is faithful and fervent in his deeds, the Most High will be faithful and generous in his reward.

s —All this, having already expressed it, I carry within my soul. For the Divine Mother has granted me peace.

$i.—I remember that on one occasion I asked for a clear explanation.

Ç2.—In a long prayer, like a litany, there was something incomprehensible that I did not understand.

53 —‘Tell me, Mother,’ I said, ‘who is the Virgin Mary?’

—“My child,” she replied, “you have not meditated as you ought

’.”

q.—“The question is forgivable. You asked it in a friendly tone.

55 —“I am,” she said, “the Virgin Mary, with Body and Presence. I am the image of God, as Essence, Substance and Power.

ç6.—“I am, in Nature, both the greatest and the least. And I am rooted in the Noimen.

5y.—“I have infinite forms; but for the moment, this is how I often present myself.

s8.—“Now you will see me in a much-loved form, for it is in this form that I am depicted in the Temples.

$9.—“I am the Virgin. I am gazing upon you.

6o.—Oh, Virgin Mother! All your forms are marvellous. Beautiful, Pure, Infinite and inscrutable.

6i.—Most people revere you only in image. I prostrate myself at your feet and love you in Essence.

62.—It is a divine joy, Little Mother, to reach your infinite presence.

63.—Wherever you dwell, there is purity and simplicity. Rhythm, harmony, beauty—all vibrate together at once.

6q.—Purity in the divine love of righteous action. Simplicity in pure and upright intention.

6$.—Oh, Little Mother! When you looked down upon us, you gazed with sorrow upon the men who walk the earth like beetles.

66. You did not seek their material feats on Earth, but rather the supreme examples of spiritual men.

6y.—You sought the ‘Divine Messenger’, the Celestial Babaji, whom you sent—oh, my Mother!—against that fatal Mephistopheles.

68.—I, a spiritual man, have been formed through union, with aggregates of past causes and effects.

6q.—But my soul yearns only for your Being and its Divine Content. Your Love, the precious ‘Mant’, hidden in your Bosom.

2o.—O Holy Virgin! My soul is yours. I place it unconditionally at your divine feet.

Saturday, 6 April 19$2.

I received confirmation of past events a few days later, at ten o’clock in the morning, from the Mahayoga, as follows:

—Tell me, Babaji, my dear:

Were you my protector, the invisible knight of the Holy Grail, sent by the Divine Mother?

He replied in his melodious voice, thus:

—"Hush, my dear. "You can no longer turn back.

"Stay still.

"Do not do anything on your own.

"I shall be right by your side.

"Whenever you need me.

"I shall continue to protect you!!

"Thank you, my friend…!" Then Babaji added:

—"I'm with you. "I'm going to your disciples to give them a surprise."

"One day I'll materialise." "So that you can touch me in the flesh."

"I'll do it at the moment I say so." "So that you may get to know me." "Now I'm going to say something important.

'Go and explore the sites in Manquehue Alto.'•

"I shall mark the one that most appeals to them with a 'Pillar of Fire' .

"It will be a sacred place that attracts many visitors. "And one that is highly respected.

"We'll be delighted.

"There will be 16 members of the Order.

"Then you will introduce them to me.

"On the mountain, on the sweet mountain, on the divine mountain—that is where I shall materialise, when I say so.

"I want to touch your flesh and see how you behave. "I have much sacred knowledge in store for you.

"Yogananda's joyful atmosphere will reign amongst everyone …".

—You make me happy with your beautiful prophecies, Babaji. We'll buy the site wherever you choose for us.

Indeed, on 1 April 19$2, at three o'clock in the morning, the pillar of fire appeared, illuminating for a few minutes the sacred site set aside for our 'Kailas' retreat.

All members of the Order of Kailas are very well disciplined to be vir. And they turn away from the Devil, who, according to some authors, also has a connection with the Saints.

In one of St John of the Cross's most famous works—**The Dark Night of the Soul**—we find (Book II, Chapter XXI) a theory that sheds an unexpected and unsettling light on the relationship between the Devil and the Saints.

The supreme mystic—proclaimed a Doctor of the Church—teaches that Faith, when it is full and perfect, envelops the soul in a mantle so pure and resplendent that the Devil and his minions cannot even see it and can therefore do nothing against it. That garment, asserts the mystical Doctor, is of such a nature that to the Devil it is nothing but darkness. Therefore, whoever possesses that faith can never find themselves exposed to the snares and attacks of the lower elements, which do nothing but suggest sins, seek to magnify them, and incite people to excess.

But, on the other hand, the intervention of these lower forces—or the Devil—is useful to mankind. Ciovani Popini says:

'The Devil's intervention is necessary, also in another sense—negative rather than positive. All manuals on morality and spiritual instruction extol the tactics and strategy of the "spiritual struggle", that is to say, man's constant defence against the snares and assaults of Satan. Diabolical temptation is the touchstone of the true 'man of God'. A weak, cold, insensitive creature who, out of mere indifference and impotence, out of simple laziness or a lack of imagination, did no evil, and who therefore never finds himself in the position of having to resist a temptation or fight against the Devil, would never have any merit before God, who rightly favours the victors rather than the mediocre.

"The Devil's activity is, therefore, an aid to the salvation of souls, for they only come to deserve the reward of bliss when they are subjected to trials and know how to overcome them. Diabolical temptations contribute to the work of salvation when they are overcome, and not when they are obeyed. Without victory over the Devil, there is no true merit, no ultimate peace.

Satan's arts and weapons are, therefore, instruments which, against his will, lead to salvation; cruel instruments, but ones which, in certain cases, cannot be dispensed with. With his tenacious hatred, Satan fills Hell, but at the same time he also tests Paradise. And many would not enjoy the bliss of the light had they not successfully passed the test of darkness. 'This is manifested with magnificent clarity in holiness.

Holiness is evil conquered and cast out; if evil (Satan) did not exist, there would be no saints. Satan therefore fulfils an irreplaceable function, a providential function. And in this sense, it can be said that the Devil is, by divine will, a co-worker with God. Satan is the Adversary, but without an adversary there would be no struggle, and without struggle there would be neither victory nor glory.

'Anyone who sought to deprive the Devil of the role that rightfully belongs to him would also be taking something away from God, who has not appointed him Prince of this world without a purpose and a design, the supernatural wisdom of which we can glimpse, even if we are unable to fully comprehend it. The Devil is hatred; but even his hatred—and this constitutes one of the most dramatic paradoxes of Christianity—is necessary for love to triumph." Papini, The Devil, p. 258.

XIII

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

Qi.—Youth is a divine treasure for the pure-hearted man.
Who has succeeded in developing a mature mind.
2z.—The human brain is an efficient organ. When it is
healthy in people.

J3.—There is no such thing as mental fatigue in the brain. Only physical exhaustion or mental fatigue.

2q.—The brain replenishes itself when one is hungry. By drawing nutrients from the blood.

2$.—The brain is resilient and very durable. It functions through electro-chemical processes and produces remarkable effects.

y6.—The brain never tires; it can work indefinitely,
work. Provided man knows how to control it properly.

2y.—The brain develops over a million years, drawing on the combined benefit of twelve billion tiny cells.

28.—To develop the brain, man undertakes pilgrimages.
From crowned kings to humble pages.

29.—Throughout man's successive rebirths, the brain is subjected to arduous labour.

8o.—Thus the brain forms three layers: the upper, the middle—which transmits messages—and the lower.

8i.—The upper brain, or 'neocortex', is the conscious part. It makes man divine, setting him apart from other living animals.

8z.—The middle brain acts as a natural bridge, carrying messages from the cells to the cerebral cortex.

83 .—The lower section carries out the automatic functions of the medulla oblongata: heart and lungs.

8q.—When areas of the skull are electrically stimulated, the person bites and scratches like an animal.

8$.—The brain requires a plentiful blood supply and nutrients: oxygen, glucose, biochemical salts and stimulating phosphates.

86.—Intelligence and the mind are natural driving forces. They activate the functions of brain cells.

82.—Some nerve cells die, whilst others endure.
Many are preserved; these are the memories that endure.

88.—Intelligence, Mind and Spirit constitute the Universal Brain, and in man they form the personal Triad within his brain.

89.—Whilst intelligence and the mind recite, the human spirit enables.

9.—Intelligence and the mind possess capacity. Their ability to acquire knowledge extends to any age.

9 i. These psychic principles operate in the conscious mind. As well as in the lower section of the subconscious.

ga.—In the immediately accessible memory are accumulated experiences from past lives, thousands of times greater in number.

93.—Hypnosis works by awakening memories from the subconscious. Just like certain toxic, narcotic or stupefying drugs.

9q.—Any disordered emotion in the lower section can be a disruptive factor and break the circuit of the higher brain.

95.—The base feelings of the primitive brain override reason if they become too violent or active.

96.—Only the higher impulses of the soul predominate in reason during moments of calm.

92.—Any agitated mind is characterised by imbalance or emotion. If it is calm or lucid, it reasons correctly.

98.—When the intellect and the mind are serene, the Self— Lord who dwells between *'both eyes'* lives without sorrow.

99.—There is a clear-cut line between the 'Lord'—the conscious self—

and the lower, selfish, sensual 'I', the subconscious.

100.—The higher spirit, with its abstract mind, restrains and localises the concrete mind of the subconscious.

101.—The brain, governed by the universal ternary laws, organises its body by concentrating the minor cycles of vital nervous functions in distinct parts.

102.—In this way, man is dual in essence, and in matter, substances or powers.

103.—That is to say, cerebral energies are positive, whilst secondary natural matter is negative.

ioq.—People whose brains have matured over the ages will perceive natural phenomena and their realities.

rol.—When they gaze at the stars in the firmament, they will see Mother Nature, cloaked in a blue mantle, at that very moment.

io6.—The 'spiritual eye' will be omniscient. In its omnipresent body.

rol.—It will be understood that the light freed from gravitational darkness is the very same that carries the soul, illuminated by celestial light.

io8.—Then the sage will state in his simple assertion that the scientific data corroborate his assertion.

109.—The catastrophes of this last century demonstrate the terrible, chaotic consequences that the Saints and the Wise seek to counteract.

i io.—It has been said that 'Nothingness' is one of the names of the Devil, the spirit that denies, the force that destroys, which debases, blasphemes and renounces everything.

i i i.—Satan is the Monarch of the Earth, sceptre in hand and crowned. He is made of pure fire, intensely red in colour.

i i2.—He dwells in the 'tenth stratum' and rules over the three kingdoms: the mineral, the vegetable and the animal. And through man's passions, he holds him enslaved.

i z3 .—To free oneself from Satan is a purely divine work. For those who seek God with Love and pristine Purity.

i n¡.—Satan was created as a useful element within Creation. To purify Matter through its physical and chemical processes.

i i$.—His existence is revealed by seers and converted prophets. To the Law of God, the Eternal Creator of the Universe.

i i6.—The seers and prophets have transcended the boundaries of myth through their true and wise spiritual knowledge.

iii. —Divine Science has opened its secret doors to all the sages, saints and prophets.

i i8.—Within the divine laws there are no mysteries. For those who are sincere and austere.

i i9.—They are simple, like the Father, faithful and beautiful. All those who come to Him, tender and loving.

iao.—At the end of their long and sorrowful pilgrimages, through many worlds, whether as kings or pages.

I2r.—God, our Lord, awaits them tenderly, all His 'Children' whom Heaven assures them of.

122.—For to Him we must turn with fervent thoughts, inscribing Him in the 'Secret Chamber', between 'both eyes'.

12/.—Truly, there dwells Almighty God. The 'Ineffable One', in His resplendent glory.

124.—There, now, tomorrow and always, they shall find Him: simple, unpretentious and smiling—those who seek Him earnestly.

XIV

R E M I N I S C E N C E

I recall a legend from the North which tells of an old singer who lived in a populous city, at the luxurious court of a king. He wished to teach his art to his son, but the rebellious boy paid no heed to his lessons. Neither the sound of the harp, nor his father's voice, nor the song of the birds could awaken in him a love of melody. Alone, lost in his thoughts, he would wander through the deserts, as if carried by an inner song. On one of these adventurous wanderings, he reached the sea; from the top of a rock he beheld the immensity of the waves and was struck by the wild concert of the breakers on the beach. Those voices captivated him, drew him in so powerfully that he went to live in a cave by the seashore. The kind fishermen brought him food; they said that day and night, the deities and gods of the sea would come

to the depths of the abyss to teach him their sweet and terrifying melodies. One day, he returned to the king's court and entered the banquet hall; no one recognised him. But he, taking up a harp, began to sing with such a magical and powerful voice that the song of the sirens and the roar of the storm seemed to weigh in turn upon the brows of the guests—who were both fearful and entranced—and, dropping their cups, they exclaimed:

'Who has given you that voice?'

—"It is the sea, from whence I come!" replied the inspired stranger.

If anyone were to ask me why I have written *The Voice of the Lord*, I would reply at once: I am fulfilling a lofty spiritual mission by order of the Masters of Kailash, who dwell in their white mountains covered in eternal snow. Their message of love is intended solely for my beloved homeland! From Mount Kailas I come! From the luminous Source of knowledge! From the white mountain where Shiva dwells! The greatest and most sacred thing that exists on this earth, where the soul is truly sublimated.

In that blessed place, Nature holds a permanent repository of all her own charms—inexhaustible sources of peace and spiritual joy—for a group of saints who live collectively, inspired by a celestial enlightenment. The actions of these clairvoyants are fruitful in miracles, for, without meaning to, they utter eternal truths. All of them possess the *'Second Sight';* and with their mental powers, acquired through study and long vigils, they have opened up a new world of freshness, brimming with life and youth. There, from their vast and unfathomable realm, like a trail of light, profound truths are scattered throughout the world to enrich human knowledge. It has been said: 'We must cast aside what is false to arrive at what is true'. It is necessary to tear away the veil of falsehood that conceals eternal realities,

To reach the pinnacle of sound judgement, it is necessary to assimilate the sound teachings of the masters, whose noble mission **is** to show mankind the right path … Wagner,

in his *Parsifal*, has, as a great initiate, realised the dream of the modern Mystery. It is the true expression of art raised to the level of universal religion. Let us attempt to summarise its dominant characteristics.

Wagner's drama of human redemption revolves around four characters who journey from the depths of evil to the heights of good. '*Klimsorf*', the lustful and ambitious man, believed he deserved the Holy Grail by mutilating himself. Expelled from the Temple, he becomes an evil sorcerer, the very embodiment of intellectual perversity who seeks pleasure in the corruption of others. He is the human being, mutilated not only physically but also morally, devoid of any understanding of good and doomed in advance to inevitable destruction, for he knows only how to destroy others. '*Kundry*' represents woman in her dual phase as seductress and penitent, fiery and weak, passionate and passive, yet yearning for divine love from the depths of her deceptive loves. '*Am fortas*' is the man who has grasped the divine and who aspires to holiness, yet remains a slave to his passions. 'I suffer my desire, and in my suffering I always desire.' *Parsifal*, the simple and the pure, tells the story of the soul from ignorance to omniscience. The death of the swan has made him understand universal suffering and the law of solidarity that unites all beings. The sight of Amfortas has revealed to him human suffering in its most acute form: the powerless yearning for liberation. Kundry's temptation makes him see the very source of that evil, in his own heart and in the hearts of others: desire. Having banished it through the greatness of his piety, he reclaims the spear, his sovereign will, and returns victorious to Montsalvat to be crowned King of the Grail.

All truth is just… l
So let us do justice!

There was a great man in history, known to all, to whom humanity owes a great deal, and yet he has never been honoured as he ought; on the contrary, he has been vilified by certain petty writers who have besmirched his name and reputation, which have been tarnished by the Lords of Karma.

These final pages of *The Voice of the Lord* will honour him by offering a brief account of his heroic spiritual life.

No one doubts that 'Christopher Columbus' fulfilled a divine mission! His eloquent words confirmed this: 'When I thought of what I was,' writes the illustrious Genoese seafarer, 'my humility overwhelmed me; but when I thought of what I was bringing, I considered myself equal to the two kings; I was not myself: I was an instrument of God, chosen to carry out a great and sublime undertaking'.

Only a divine messenger could accomplish such a magnificent undertaking!! The famous writer 'Lainartine' says:

'His grace and outward dignity shone through, however, despite his humble profession. The distinguished people with whom he associated through his trade were struck, when speaking with him, by an impression of irresistible strangeness and attraction, which was like the foretelling of a great destiny in a modest station. These relationships and these conversations brought him some friends whose names history has preserved, associating them with the world's recognition; among them were Alonso de Quintanilla, steward to Queen Isabella; Geraldini, tutor to her sons, the princes; Antonio Geraldini, the Pope's nuncio at the court of Ferdinand; and Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo and Cardinal, a man of such standing that he was called the third king of Spain.

Thus many years passed, during which the kings of Portugal, France and England, having learnt from their ambassadors of the existence of a strange man who was offering a new world, made him their offers; but the tender devotion he felt for Queen Isabella and the love he harboured for Doña Beatriz Enríquez de Córdoba—already the mother of his second son, Ferdinand—led him to reject these offers and to remain at court.

In return for her kindness, Columbus reserved an empire for that queen. He witnessed the siege and conquest of Granada; he saw how Boadil handed over to Isabella and Ferdinand the keys to that city and to the Alhambra, and he took part in the procession that followed the monarchs as they made their triumphal entry into that stronghold of Islam. From the heights of its walls and peaks, Columbus envisaged further conquests and other triumphal entries on a far grander scale across newly discovered lands.

When Isabella learnt that her protégé, now weary of waiting so many years, was setting off for France, she had a premonition of the great things she was losing with that man who was leaving her kingdom. She was indignant at a group of clumsy, boastful advisers who, as she put it, were haggling with God over the price of a great empire and the salvation of thousands of souls living in idolatry. The Marquise of Moya and Quintanilla shared her remorse and even went so far as to fan the flames of it. The king, cooler and more calculating than she, wavered; the expenses that would be incurred and the straitened state of the treasury held back his impulses.

'Very well!' cried the Queen in a burst of generosity, 'I shall bear the costs of the enterprise in the name and for the benefit of the Crown of Castile. I shall pawn my jewellery to meet the expenses and needs of the fleet.'

A search was ordered for the fugitive, and the messenger sent after him caught up with him a few leagues from Granada, at the 'Pinos' bridge, a famous gorge between whose crags Moors and Christians had shed their blood together so many times. Columbus, deeply moved, once again threw himself at the feet of such a great and pious queen, and she, with her tears, persuaded Ferdinand to accept the conditions she had laid down.

The treaty between Ferdinand, Isabella and Columbus was signed on the iyth of April iq9z. Thereafter, Columbus managed and directed everything from the monastery of La Rábida, where his good friend Fray Juan Pérez de Marchena had once again
by his good friend Friar Juan Pérez de Marchena. Without the intervention and influence of this good friar, the expedition could not have been brought to a successful conclusion. The friar turned to his

friends in Palos. The three Pinzón brothers, wealthy seafarers from Palos, were at last imbued with the conviction and hope that Columbus's friend inspired. They spontaneously joined the great enterprise, provided the funds, and fitted out three caravels—La Santa María, La Pinta and La Niña—to set sail on Friday 3 August 49°. Columbus, like all famous men who lift a people beyond their mundane concerns, ventured into the unknown just as the magi did into uncharted realms, amidst the murmurings of those curses from the wicked, the envious, the greedy, the hateful whispers of slander, which dogged him and marred his entire generous and altruistic life. Anything that rises above the bounds of vulgarity, where humanity thrashes about—however noble the work may be for the benefit of all, be it to realise a noble idea, a sacred truth, or a beautiful world—causes them to murmur in irritation. In this way, Columbus became a victim of the audacious, the cynical and the thoughtless, who are to be found everywhere; and finally, he was crushed by the infamous rage of his compatriots, whose intentions were contrary to his own. making him a victim of the Spaniards' rapacious greed, for defending his 'poor children'.

Las Casas recounts that Columbus was chained by a vile servant named Esyainosa, whilst he was viceroy of his vast lands and admiral of his fleet: he stoically endured this cruel treatment
as a sign of obedience to his sovereigns. He did not allow them to relieve him of the ignominious burden of dishonour. 'No,' he said. 'My sovereigns ordered me to obey *"Boba. fila"*, and he has fettered me in their names. I shall therefore wear them until they themselves remove them, and I shall keep them as a monument to the reward that men have bestowed for my great efforts and innumerable sacrifices

He kept his promise: he kept those heavy chains hanging before his eyes in every room where he lived, forgotten and in great poverty, for the rest of his sad and wretched existence, and even stipulated in his will that he be buried with them

in his coffin, quite as if he were seeking to appeal to God against the injustice of his kings and contemporaries and to present to Heaven the tangible evidence of the wickedness of earthly men.

Columbus was a man of superior calibre, misunderstood because of his noble sentiments; he heard strange voices, like Joan of Arc, and his inner divine voice, which always guided his steps along the path of honour and justice. In his time, there was no other man who could measure up to his stature and immense greatness. His influence on civilisation was immeasurable. He completed the universe and the physical unity of the globe. With his clear vision, he fulfilled a divine message, giving the world a heavenly treasure:

moral unity for the human race... 1

"To Castile and León,
Columbus gave the New World."

The great and heroic conquests of Columbus are unique and admirable feats of the **'Divine** Messenger'.

In history, what stirred the greatest emotion was Columbus's discovery of America.

I find myself bound to Columbus's glorious name, through the 'Causes and Effects' of his past endeavours.

His adversaries failed in their offensive wars; through their treachery, they lost the defensive battles.

If Columbus gave the world moral unity, today the peoples of the Americas enjoy their national independence.

XV

CONCLUSION

}Forgive me, reader, for the inevitable shortcomings of this work. I have endeavoured to make it as simple as possible, explaining within its pages, with boundless joy, the things of heaven and their ineffable, infinite harmony.

The subtle forces come from on high, their lights blazing; with myriad hues they sparkle as they descend, the colours

colours blend; their brilliant hues shift and then scatter in the form of luminous whirls throughout the radiant, infinite space.

Every cosmic process begins with an idea, that of 'PRIMORDIAL PRIMORDIAL INTELLIGENCE', and as the 'Ideas' condense, the lower elements coalesce; and in the form of 'vortices', they coalesce (minor cycles) to become (major cycles) worlds, beings and things.

In this way, radiant energies are 'Causes' (Spirits), and compacted vibrations are 'Effects' (Matter or Condensed Spiritual Energies).

There, in the infinite manifestations of the Cosmos, the notion of time and space is lost

Only Eternal Life pulsates and spreads everywhere, like a fountain of sparkling lights l

The flower of that Fountain is faith; doubt is the subtle bond

He who understands what this means will be like Eve, Pandora and Psyche, who seek to lift the veil from the 'mystery of life', which conceals the Throne of the Divine Mother Creator, the Giver of the 'Water of Life' and of the spiritual glory that floods chosen souls with the baptism of celestial fire … l

Cicero, who understood 'That', upon returning from his Eleusinian initiation, Eleusinian initiation, said:

'I cannot reveal anything of what I have seen, but from this day forward I can no longer fear death, for I have conquered it.' The initiate Saint Paul, who has also conquered death, freeing you from the material world, echoed this with the following words:

'But someone may ask: How will the dead be raised, and (in what sort or kind of body shall they rise?

"And I reply: 'Fool! What you sow, if it does not first die, will not come to life. For when you sow, you do not sow the plant that is to be, but the bare grain, which is the seed. Moreover, God has given his own *"body"* to each kind of seed, for not all flesh is the same flesh: one is the

of men, another that of beasts, another that of birds, and another that of fish. There are, therefore, heavenly bodies and earthly bodies, and their respective glories are very different. Indeed, the brightness of the Sun is one thing, that of the Moon another, and that of the stars yet another; and there is even a difference in brightness from star to star. So too with the resurrection of the dead: it is sown in corruption and will be raised in incorruptibility; it is sown in dishonour, and will be raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, and will be raised in power; it is sown a natural body and will be raised a spiritual body; for if there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual one; for if there is a natural body, the other cannot exist without it. That is why it is written: 'The first Adam was made a living soul, and the last Adam a life-giving spirit.' The first man, made from the earth, is earthly; the second man, from heaven, is heavenly. We have therefore put on the earthly, and we shall put on the image of the heavenly. Behold, I tell you a mystery: we shall all certainly be raised, but not all of us will be transformed. In the twinkling of an eye, the final trumpet will sound: the dead will be raised incorruptible, and we shall be transformed, for it is necessary that this which is corruptible should be clothed with immortality, and when that which is immortal is clothed with incorruptibility, and that which is immortal is clothed with immortality, then the word that is written will be fulfilled: 'Death has been swallowed up in victory…' 'Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?' — St Paul. First Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter XIV.

The mysteries of all ancient races were invariably presided over by the 'Initiates', and served as a means for instructing disciples in Occult Wisdom. From time immemorial, they called themselves Arhats, Serpents or Dragons. Thus, a commentary on the Book of Dzyan speaks of the 'Serpents' of Wisdom, whose nests are now found beneath the triangular stones, that is to say, the Pyramids of Egypt. In all ancient languages, the word 'dragon' meant what 'rong' now means in Chinese, that is, the 'Being who excels in intelligence'

', and in Greek, 'He who sees and watches over'. In the Aytareya Brahmana, the earth is called the 'Queen of Serpents', referring to the fact that the fiery dust—resembling a long tail of cosmic matter animated by spirit or force—before assuming an ovoid form, moved through space in an undulating manner, much like a serpent. That is why Hermes Trismegistus regarded the serpent as the symbol of the spirit. The serpent, biting its own tail, was in the Mysteries the symbol of wisdom and immortality, adopted by the adepts. According to the archaic annals, the continent of Atlantis was inhabited by two distinct classes of 'Adepts': those of the Right Hand and those of the Left Hand; the white Hierophants and the black ones. They also speak of the adept astronomers Narada and Asuramaya in Atlantis, and likewise of those white adepts who instructed the primitive Aryan race after the destruction of that continent.

The high plateaus of Tibet have been inhabited for many centuries by the Arhats. And in the ancient books preserved in the province of Fujian (the region of the indigenous peoples of China), Tibet—called Sdang by the Chinese—is described as the great centre of occult knowledge in archaic times, inhabited by the masters of light, the 'sons of wisdom'. They also assert that the mystical Emperor Yu the Great (220 BC) acquired his occult wisdom in Tibet.

From Lao-Tze to Hiuen-Thsang, Chinese literature abounds with allusions and references to Shambhala, the happy land of the Himalayan adepts. The Chinese 'Chain of Buddhist Scriptures' mentions the 'Haimavatas', the great masters of the 'Snowy Mountains', and a rule of spiritual development concerning the great teachers of the highest order who live in the depths of the mountains, far from mankind. Fo-Koneky's Japanese Encyclopaedia locates a brotherhood of adepts on the Pamir Plateau amongst the highest peaks of the Himalayan mountain range. According to tradition, the Vcdas originated in the 'KAILAS' mountains, in the northern vicinity of Lake 'Mansarawara', a sacred area of Ti-

bct, to which many pilgrims make the journey. On Mount Kailas live 1,6 metres in height, eminent Brahmin sages who are descended from the great Rishis of antiquity.

Writers such as Strabo, Lucan, Plutarch, Pliny, Cicero and several others speak of the adepts whom they called 'Indian gymnosophists', and Ammianus Marcellinus states that these great initiates lived in poverty and seclusion. The magi of Persia, whose name derives from the Sanskrit 'Mahagi' (the great one or sage), also left a profound mark on history. They were neither Persians nor Chaldeans, but came to Persia from the East. Their schools were divided into esoteric and exoteric branches. There were three classes of magi: herbedos (disciples), mobedos—that is, hfeh-ob, meaning 'great and noble' (master)—and desturo mobedos (fully qualified master). Their initiation consisted of terrible and mysterious ceremonies, preceded by a long period of spiritual purification of the candidate. Ancient historians assert that Darius Hitaspes, the monarch who reformed and purified the Persian mysteries, was an adept instructed by wise Brahmins.

There is no doubt that the Jews acquired all their Kabbalistic knowledge from the Egyptians and Chaldeans. According to Maimonides, the great Jewish theologian, he always employed the techniques of the Chaldean adepts or magicians in his occult practices. Manetho states that Moses was a hierophant of Heliopolis and a priest 'of Osiris, the sun-god', and that his name was 'Osarsiph'. His guru, the priest Ihe-tro, conferred upon him 'sipporah' (sippara in Chaldea, the city of 501), that is to say, the Sacred Occult Wisdom. (Siprah means 'the brilliant' or 'the resplendent', from sapar, 'to shine'). As an ascetic, Moses could not marry any woman. Justinian the Martyr, drawing on the authority of Trogus Compeius, demonstrates that Josephus learnt magic from the Egyptian adepts. The Tannaim were the first initiates amongst the Jews, and the books of Ezekiel, Daniel and Enoch, as well as the Revelation of St John the Theologian, are purely occult works. The famous Hillel was an initiate, and this adept ran a school of occultism, just as Samuel and Elijah did in Ramah and Jericho. Both in India and

in Egypt, there existed a sacred succession of hierophants. Each of these, in Egypt, was a 'piromis', the son of a 'piromis'. Similarly, in India, in Sringisi, every hierophant is a *'Sao-arachar fa'*. All these hierophants or priests taught that, after an interval of three thousand years, the human soul reincarnated. The Essenes, who lived on the shores of the Dead Sea, observed the ancient Egyptian mysteries. They celebrated their greater and lesser mysteries at least two centuries before our Era.

The Greeks derived their 'Eleusinian' mysteries from Egypt; indeed, even Plato, the great initiate, incorporated into his philosophy concepts purely characteristic of the Eastern sages. This reminds me of Alexander when he arrived in northern India in search of a spiritual master.

Shortly after the Greek warrior arrived in Taxila, he sent a messenger named Onesicritus, a disciple of the school of Diogenes, to seek out Dandamis, a great sannyasi of Taxila.

'Greetings, O master of the Brahmins!' said Onesikritos, once he had found Dandamis in his forest retreat. 'The son of the great god Zeus, Alexander, Sovereign Lord of all men, wishes you to come to his side; and if you go, he will shower you with gifts, but if you refuse, I shall cut off your head.' The saint received the haughty invitation with complete calm and 'barely lifted his head from his bed of leaves'.

'I too am a son of Zeus, if Alexander is indeed such a son,' he remarked. 'I desire nothing that Alexander possesses, for I am content with what I have, whilst I see him wandering with his men across the seas and lands, to no avail; and his journeys will never come to an end.' Go and tell Alexander that God, the Supreme King, is never the author of insolent errors, but the Creator of light, of peace, of life, of water, and of man's body and soul. He receives all men when they are set free through death, and they are in no way subject to evil. He alone is the God of my men—

jes. He who abhors murder, slaughter, and who never instigates wars. ‘Alexander is no god, for he must —’ continued the sage with calm irony, ‘. How can he be the master of the world if he has not managed to take his seat upon a throne of universal inner dominion? Nor has he yet entered Hades (the ten inner strata of the Earth), nor does he know the course of the sun through the central regions of the Earth (the glaucous torrent of solar energy that reaches as far as the ninth stratum, the heart of the planet, and emerges as a luminous whirlwind through the North Pole itself, rising to the tenth solar circle), whilst the nations surrounded by his ambition have scarcely even heard your name.”

‘After this punishment,’ the sage added ironically, ‘undoubtedly the most scathing rebuke ever to reach the ears of the “Sovereign Lord of all men”.’

—‘If Alexander’s present dominions are not enough to satisfy his desires, let him cross the River Ganges; there he will find a region capable of providing sustenance for all his men, if the regions on this side of the river are too narrow for him.

“Know, however, that what Alexander offers me and the gifts he promises me are, to me, entirely useless; the things I value and find of true utility and worth are these leaves that constitute my home; these flowering plants, which provide my daily sustenance, and the water, which is my drink; whilst other possessions, amassed with such care and anxiety, invariably prove ruinous to those who gather them and cause nothing but sorrow and hardship, of which poor mortals **are** already burdened enough. As for me, I lie down on the forest floor, and having nothing to guard or watch over, my peaceful sleep would **be disturbed only** if I harboured any anxiety. The earth provides me with everything, just as a mother nourishes her child. I go wherever I please and need not worry about with whom I might enter into commitments or face annoyances.

"Even if Alexander were to cut off my head, he could not, however, destroy my soul. My head, silent by then, will remain, leaving the rest of the body like a torn garment upon the earth, from which it was likewise taken. Then, transformed into a spirit, I shall ascend to my God, who gives us all this mortal shell and places us upon the world to test whether, whilst we remain here, we live in obedience to His commands; and who, likewise, will require of us all, once in His presence, an account of our earthly life, for He is the Judge of every proud error; for the groans of the oppressed shall become the punishment of the oppressor.

"So, then, let Alexander terrify with his threats those who covet riches and fear death, for to us both these weapons are equally harmless; the Brahmins neither love gold nor fear death. Go and tell Alexander this: Dandamis has no need of anything that belongs to you and, therefore, will not go with you; and, if you desire anything from Dandamis, then go and seek him out."

Alexander received the message via Onesicritus, listened to it with rapt attention, and felt a greater desire than ever to see Dandamis, who, though old and half-naked, represented the only adversary in whom he, the conqueror of so many peoples, had found his match. Neither Alexander nor any of his generals ever crossed the Ganges. Facing determined resistance in the north-west, the Macedonian army refused to advance any further; Alexander was forced to abandon India and set off for Persia. He then left Persia, and a year later died in Babylon.

Alexander's entire endeavour to see Dandanais was to satisfy himself of the true divine nourishment of man that flows from the mouth of 'Ynáreú'—that is to say, of all that God provides as spiritual substance which, in the form of truth, sustains life. The saint's reply could not have been more fitting when he said to Oie-sikritos, 'If Alexander needs anything from Dandamis, then go and fetch it for him…' *'It is written that man shall NOT live by bread alone.'*

These words are found in Deuteronomy (8:3): ‘But also on That the Word of God and His divine Love!’

It is clear that all those who imagine and promise a perfect and happy coexistence in this life are deluded by the satanic fantasies of the human and earthly realm… Christ said: ‘My kingdom is not of this world.’ ‘But my teachings lead to it, beyond death.’

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